

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 27, 1964

# TIME

NEWSMAGAZINE



AUTHOR  
JOHN CHEEVER

VOL. 83 NO. 13

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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## ART IN NEW YORK

### UPTOWN

**PABLO PICASSO**—Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave. at 79th. Jacqueline, the youthful model whom the Spanish master, 82, married three years ago, shows up often in these twelve oils (1955-63). Many may wonder, looking at the twisted caricatures he paints, why he bothers with a model at all. But he uses her to express the infinite changes and fundamental unity of the Picasso vision, turning her face every which way and examining it like the facets of a diamond. Through April 4.

**DARREL AUSTIN**—Peris, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th. Austin casts a lunar spell: rarely does he paint a picture without a moon in it, and a full one at that. Capering in the silvery light are foxes, bulls, elephants, tigers—and maidens, round, ripe and waiting. Twenty-five oils. Through April 4.

**JACQUES VILLON**—Thaw, 50 East 78th. Death put an end last year to the more than 60 years in art that Villon called "a long love affair." It was a happy one that mellowed and matured with the man, and it is tellingly revealed by these 15 oil paintings. The earliest is a 1909 *Portrait of the Artist*; he is young, bearded, not yet taken with cubism. The latest is *The Environs of Rouen*, painted in 1960, luminous proof of how apt was his self-summation as a "cubist impressionist." Through April 18.

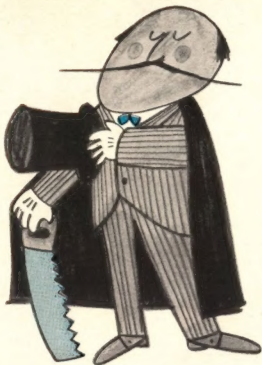
**JEAN DUBUFFET**—World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th. Dubuffet has rushed from mixed pastes and putties to butterfly-wing collages to painting with knives and forks. Here shown are examples of his spirit for adventure and experiment, including works from the *Arabe*, *Texturologie* and *Personnage* series. Oils, assemblages, gouaches and drawings, done between 1943 and 1960. Through April 11.

**STILL LIVES**—Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave. at 75th. The stimulus of still life is ages old, the artist's response to it always new. Persuasive testimony to the fact: a collection that begins with Vanderhamen, a Spanish painter of Flemish ancestry who worked in Madrid more than 300 years ago, embraces Ruoppolo, Bernard, Lebasque, Marie Laurencin (a pink bouquet of roses on wood believed to be her only extant still life), Pechstein, Hartley and others, concludes with a contemporary Spaniard, Josep Roca. Through March 28.

**RICHARD STANKIEWICZ**—Stable, 33 East 74th. Dada takes the credit, but the ability to look at trash and find something of esthetic value begins with children. As a child, Stankiewicz played in a foundry dump; today he leads the sculptors who make assemblages of junk. Scavenging in scrapyards, rusting and welding the iron and steel he finds, he makes figures and abstractions. Says he: "I take something already degenerating, discarded, and then I make something beautiful of it. It should hit people over the head and make them ask, 'What is beauty?'" Through April 18.

**FAIRFIELD PORTER**—Tibor de Nagy, 149 East 72nd. Porter took his training at the Art Students League from Thomas Hart Benton, felt "you don't deserve to paint abstractly until you can paint representationally." But he admits that De Kooning has been a major influence. One painting, *September Clouds*, points up that affinity: an abstract rendering of nature, it suggests





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that Porter is ready to follow a new path. Through April 11.

**LÉON HARTL**—Peridot, 820 Madison Ave. at 69th. Neoimpressionism was a babe in the arms of Seurat when Hartl was born in Paris in 1889. But it seems to have influenced him even after he moved to the U.S. as a young man. He rains pointillist dots on his canvases and fills atmospheres with the pure breezes, smells and colors of a virgin nature. The bowls and vases are often the same ones he painted 30 years ago, the bouquets as fresh as if cut this morning. Through March 28.

**SIDNEY GOODMAN**—Dintenfass, 18 East 67th. With eerie light and pale colors, Goodman illuminates gloomy metaphors. His ghostly figures are either cramped in space or lost like insignificant specks. The Philadelphia painter, 28, has a tragic sense of life: *The Walk* suggests the death marches; a three-panel *Trilogy* seems to portray a man who enters a closet and hangs himself; *The Play's* ephemeral characters watch an agonizing struggle of love and death. His brushwork is fine, his chiaroscuro carefully controlled. Through April 11.

**JOËL FAIGUIÈRE**—Hutton, 787 Madison Ave. at 67th. Twenty-two recent works by a Paris artist who shapes globs of paint to hold shadows and throw light over earthy abstractions and luminous cosmoscapes, making his thick pigments brightly fluorescent. Through April 4.

## MIDTOWN

**ANTONIO SAURA**—Matisse, 41 East 57th. Says the Spanish painter: "Sometimes when I see a beautiful woman I almost lose consciousness! But painting is a way of accomplishing the impossible. For after all, what is an empty canvas? A bed, a nude. When I throw a blob of paint on my canvas, I am committing a rape. When I work, I become a monster." Brigitte Bardot, if she saw his portraits of her, would doubtless agree. Through April 4.

**JEAN IPOUSTEGUY**—Loeb, 12 East 57th. Split skulls and bashed-in faces underscore the theme of violence in this French sculptor's first one-man show in New York. Ipousteguy sculpts with a sure sense of balance and a sharp eye for basic paradoxes and brutal ironies. *The Crab* and *the Bird* captures in one movement the rapport between crawling and flying, and in *David* and *Goliath*, the giant lies upended while an armless David appeals sadly to the heavens: his own chest is crushed. Fourteen black bronzes. Through April 18.

**GEORGE SEGAL**—Green, 15 West 57th. Segal sets life-size plaster casts of his friends in a Pop-like environment of everyday objects. What he gets is not a likeness of life but a sense of the absence of it: the ashen figures are like fossils of previous lives, frozen in time. Also some pastel studies of bold nudes on colored paper. Through April 4.

**THÉOBALD**—Partridge, 6 West 56th. "I think first of color, then of composition," says Théobald, a Parisian woman making her New York debut. She slathers vivid reds and blues on canvas with a palette knife, does the final shaping of her exuberant landscapes and restrained orchestra figures with a brush. Included: some attractive scenes of New York City. Through April 4.

**JULES OLITSKI**—Poindexter, 21 West 56th. *Butterfly Kiss*, *Fatal Plunge*, *Pink Cava-*

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# WOMEN DIG IT!

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A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE

nova, *The Flaming Passion* of Beverly Torrid. Carnegie Winner Olitski's titles sound more like lipsticks than paintings, but they are provocative. *Butterfly Kiss*, for example, is a yawning cavity of empty canvas that separates a pulsating orange blob from a passionate pink blip. Through March 28.

**PAINTERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL**—Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave. at 54th. "Cockney impudence," snorted Ruskin at Whistler's painting. Whistler sued and won. The arrows the Victorians flung at one another had more zing than their painting, which they tried to free from what they called the "claptrap" of emotions. Albert Moore, Charles Conder and Lord Leighton come close to succeeding; Whistler, fortunately, does not. Beauty without feeling, after all, is like being dressed up with no place to go. Some 30 works in various media. Through March 28.

**LEONARD BASKIN**—Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave. at 49th. Ten etched portrait studies of Ensor, Bruegel, Callot and other figures from the past. As a portraitist, Baskin is incisive; crisscrossing a face as if tracing its nerve network, he seems to probe the subject's inner nature. His *Munch* is a memorable expressionistic achievement of the Norwegian painter's own aim to synthesize modern form and symbolic expression. Through April 11.

## MUSEUMS

**METROPOLITAN**—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. "World's Fairs—the Architecture of Fantasy" makes a retrospective visit to 16 expositions by means of prints, photographs, posters and souvenirs. Also Dutch and Flemish paintings, and the Met's superb collection of 19th and 20th century French works.

**FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART**—62 East 78th. Fifty Venetian paintings from the 17th century range from Palma Il Giovane, who worked in Titian's studio and is thought to have finished Titian's last *Pieta*, to Sebastiano Ricci, the uncle and teacher of Marco Ricci, who set the style for 18th century Venetian landscape painting. Through April 30.

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**—Columbus Circle at 59th. The elegant white marble museum opens with the pallid permanent collection of Museum Founder Huntington Hartford and a large exhibition (300 works) of the late Russian-born painter, Pavel Tchelitchew (see ART). Through April 22.

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**—15 West 54th. Ivory drums, carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields and other objects from the Massim region of New Guinea. Also 60 tempera paintings of primitive sculpture by Mexican Miguel Covarrubias, an important scholar in the field. Through May 10.

**WHITNEY**—22 West 54th. A retrospective of the sculpture and drawings of Gaston Lachaise, the French-born American noted for his massive, busty women. Through April 4.

**THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE**—New School Art Center, 66 West 12th. The truism that the artist is concerned with society serves as an excuse to bring together some of the best realistic paintings—and a few not so realistic—of this century. The works range from Ben Shahn's famed *The Passion* of Sacco and Vanzetti to Robert Rauschenberg's tribute to President Kennedy, *Bufalo* 1964. Through April 4.

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TIME, MARCH 27, 1964





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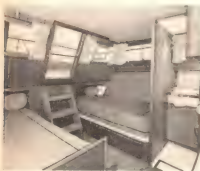
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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 25

**CHRONICLE** (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). Visits with two still-creative venerables—Photographer Edward Steichen, 82, and Artist Jacques Lipchitz, 72.

**SUSPENSE** (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new dramatic series about men who risk their lives. The first episode stars Arthur Kennedy and Martin Balsam as New York Police Department bomb-squad experts.

**ESPIONAGE** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Anthony Quayle as a British agent who marries a Russian agent.

Friday, March 27

**BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Rod Steiger as a Hollywood movie czar, in a script by Rod Serling.

Saturday, March 28

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Sports-car racing from Sebring, Fla., and the National Skiing Championships from Winter Park, Colo.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11:14 p.m.). Kazan's *Wild River*, with Montgomery Clift and Lee Remick.

Sunday, March 29

**DIRECTIONS** 64 (ABC, 2-3 p.m.). Earl Wild's *Easter Overture* conducted by Composer Wild.

**ONE OF A KIND** (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). The dilemma of a small group of Sioux Indians unable to decide whether to leave the reservation or not.

**WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 1 of Disney's appealing *Greyfriars Bobby*, a feature-length film about a Skye terrier.

**BREAKTHROUGH** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). "Medicine—Shape of the Future," a special on kidney transplantation and other new advances.

Monday, March 30

**HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Part 1 of two shows on the history of the Academy Awards, with flashbacks, ranging from Janet Gaynor in 1927 to Ernest Borgnine in 1955.

Tuesday, March 31

**CHANGING MATILDA: THE NEW AUSTRALIA** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Chet Huntley reports on the surge of immigration to Australia, the problems of the barren interior land, and the country's economic involvement in Asia.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**ANY WEDNESDAY**. Sandy Dennis as a kept woman in a peignoir looks about as sophisticated as a teen-ager wobbling in her first pair of heels. Later, clutching a closetful of balloons, she appears about to take off, which this delightfully wacky comedy does from the start.

**TOXY** is a vaudeville version of *Volpone* that permits Master Clown Bert Lahr to play hide-and-sucker with the goldiggers of the Yukon.

**DYLAN**. A legendary actor, Alec Guinness, plays a legendary poet, Dylan Thomas, during his punishing reading tours of

\* All times E.S.T.

TIME, MARCH 27, 1964



the U.S. The drama is sustained by Dylan's sly humor, poetic insights, self-abrasive remorse and fierce, hurting battles with his wife.

**BARFOOT IN THE PARK** tries to corner the laugh market in two hours and just about does it. Playwright Neil Simon plants six-day newlyweds in a five-flight walk-up where it snows through a missing skylight, and the fun is practically incessant.

**Nobody Loves an Albatross**, but everybody loves Robert Preston, an enchanting rogue, a human jinx, and a TV python of mass media production. Ronald Alexander's comedy is caustic, pertinent and wildly amusing.

**HELLO DOLLY!** is an effusive, glad-handing, toe-bounding musical set in turn-of-the-century Manhattan. Carol Channing is the evening's superwoman, and she acts and sings like a cat that has swallowed a cat.

#### Off Broadway

**THE BLOOD KNOT**, by Atholl Fugard. Linked in a funny and scalding love-hate relationship, two half brothers, one black and one white, play out their fantasies in a tin shack in South Africa and become symbols that laugh, cry and bleed.

**AFTER THE FALL** is a nightlong session of group therapy conducted for his own self-justification by Arthur Miller, with special attention to his mother and his wives, notably Marilyn Monroe. Elia Kazan's staging is electric, but Miller has not put enough distance between his life and his craft to fashion a play. It alternates, in repertory, with Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions* and S. N. Behrman's *But For Whom Charlie*.

**THE TROJAN WOMEN**, directed by Michael Cacoyannis from a translation by Edith Hamilton, gives U.S. theatergoers a rare sense of the power, agony, and cyclopic passion of the Euripidean classic. The players movingly depict the fate of a small handful of proud women caught in the tormenting clutch of war and their Greek conquerors.

**IN WHITE AMERICA**. This series of documentary dramatic sketches about racial intolerance is moving in its self-contained pain, playfully barbed in its humor.

#### RECORDS

**BEAUFONTE AT THE GREEK THEATER** (RCA Victor) is a two-LP argument by Harry Belafonte, his singers and dancers that music can sear the conscience while it delights the ear; the occasional murmurs of exhilaration are the sound of his audience in the act of understanding.

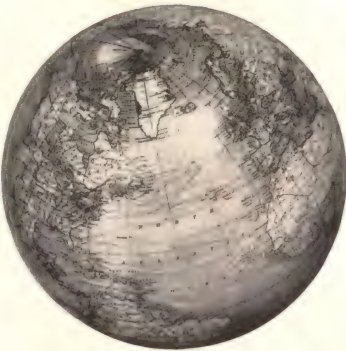
**WE SHALL OVERCOME** (Columbia) presents Pete Seeger and an even more sympathetic audience in a recital of folkish song and sentiment; among the songs is that trenchant critique of the U.S. landscape *Little Boxes* (TIME, Feb. 28).

**THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'** (Columbia) is Folk singer Bob Dylan's way of singin', but that's his way of thinkin' too, and he means every word of it. His particular fantasy, sentimental but appealing: life only comes into perspective when seen through tears of pity.

**WHERE I'M BOUND** (Elektra) is a gazetteer to the musical milieu of Folksinger Bob Gibson. It stretches only from *The Waves Roll Out to Betsy from Pike*, but Gibson's command of it is elegant and secure.

**LESTER FLATT & EARL SCRUGGS** (Columbia) have a huge new audience of bluegrass Yankees, but they still sound best down

# Where next?



## A message directed to executives of businesses that are going.

Truthfully, we could spout about water, whisper pleasantly about taxes, holler about timber, talk in low tones about labor rates, get ecstatic about power and still not begin to answer the dollar and sense question "Where is the best place in the world for your next new plant?" Is it Maine?

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DOUBLEDAY

## MY YEARS WITH GENERAL MOTORS



home in Nashville. The two *Grand Op* stars are here presented in a live concert at Vanderbilt University, and they pick right through the heart of their Rebel song book.

**AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES** (Columbia) is the first album of an earthy, hard-rocking blues singer named Judy Roderick. Her Mildred Bailey style and repertory may be an anachronism—but what a pleasant anachronism. Among the songs: *Miss Brown to You; Brother, Can You Spare a Dime; and Hoagy Carmichael's Baltimore Oriole*.

## CINEMA

**BECKET**. Peter O'Toole as King Henry II. and Richard Burton as the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, duel for acting honors in this richly tapestried film version of Jean Anouilh's drama.

**THE SERVANT**. A callow young aristocrat meets his master when he employs a "gentleman's gentleman" played to evil perfection by Dirk Bogarde in U.S. Director Joseph Losey's slick, spooky essay on class distinction in Britain.

**YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW**. In three lusty fables directed by Vittorio De Sica and co-starring Marcello Mastroianni, Sophia Loren proves herself a versatile comedienne, a whole Italian street scene rolled into one woman.

**STRAY DOG**. A rookie detective (Toshiro Mifune) tracks a killer through the Tokyo underworld in a newly imported 1949 melodrama by Director Akira Kurosawa, which stirs up the rubble of postwar Japan.

**THE SILENCE**. Two sisters united in love-hate, one a lesbian, one a nymphomaniac, try to fill the emptiness of their souls with physical passion as they act out a tortured drama in which the only innocents are a child and an old man. Not Ingmar Bergman's best, but memorable.

**THE FIRE WITHIN**. A morbidly fascinating drama, directed by France's Louis (The Lovers) Malle, climaxes in the suicide of a charming, alcoholic gigolo (Maurice Ronet).

**OR, STRANGELOVE, OR, HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**. Stanley (Lolita) Kubrick's nightmare comedy offers fine performances by George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden and the ubiquitous Peter Sellers.

**THE GUEST**. The screen version of Harold Pinter's drama (The Caretaker) retains its major asset, Donald Pleasence, still sedately eloquent in the title role.

**SUNDAY IN NEW YORK**. As a vacillating virgin who fears she has missed a lot, Jane Fonda makes the way of all flesh appear refreshingly healthy.

**THE FIANCEE**. Old love refurbished is the theme of a poignant little masterpiece by Italian Director Ermanno Olmi (*The Sound of Trumpets*).

**TO BED OR NOT TO BED**. As an Italian fur merchant on the loose in Stockholm, Alberto Sordi finds Sweden's moral climate unseasonably cool.

**TOM JONES**. Ten Oscar nominations are the latest evidence that Fielding's picaresque 18th century novel has become a classic screen comedy.

## BOOKS Best Reading

**ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND THE CONSTITUTION**, by Clinton Rossiter. A major reappraisal of the flamboyant Hamilton's role in the founding of the U.S. Government by a historian who ten years ago

TIME, MARCH 27, 1964



University student ministers serenade their señoritas, gift-reward troubadours, with colored ribbons.

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dismissed him as "reactionary." Taking a long second look, Rossiter finds Hamilton "the prophet of industrial America."

**THE OLD MAN AND ME**, by Elaine Dundy. The author of *The Dud Avocado* turns out another funny novel on the very same theme: the trials of a pretty, eager American girl trying to get into the snobbish London social orbit.

**RACE: THE HISTORY OF AN IDEA IN AMERICA**, by Thomas F. Gossett. The author contends that racism would not have endured so long without the wholehearted support of intellectuals and leaders from Thomas Jefferson to Theodore Roosevelt.

**MISS LEONORA WHEN LAST SEEN**, by Peter Taylor. Fifteen stories about corrosive marriages and disfiguring age—quiet stories, right on target, that may well outlive their flashier contemporaries.

**THE CHILDREN AT THE GATE**, by Edward Lewis Wallant. The author's last novel, completed before his death last year at 36, tells of a daff but saintly man and how another slowly takes life and grace from him.

**THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL**, by John Cheever (see BOOKS). In this tender, moral tale of uprooted America, the 19th century Wapshots come to painful, if comic terms with the 20th. The survivors of *The Wapshot Chronicle* neither mourn nor imitate the old ways but cherish their spirit as "a vision of life as hearty and fleeting as laughter."

**THE MARTYRED**, by Richard Kim. Also dealing with spiritual agony, this remorseless and controlled first novel takes the Korean war as its setting and the presumed martyrdom of twelve Christian ministers as its theme.

**WHEN THE CHEERING STOPPED**, by Gene Smith. For the last 17 months of his presidency, Woodrow Wilson was grievously ill, mentally and physically. Reporter Smith piles up evidence to show that the President's wife and doctor kept the knowledge from the public while "the U.S. Government went out of business."

**ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN**, by Kingsley Amis. The author's best novel since *Lucky Jim* tells of the misadventures of a rich, snobbish English publisher among some very irreverent Americans.

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *The Group*, McCarthy (2)
3. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (3)
4. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (5)
5. *The Martyred*, Kim (6)
6. *The Wapshot Scandal*, Cheever (4)
7. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (9)
8. *Van Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (7)
9. *Caravans*, Michener
10. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming

### NONFICTION

1. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (2)
3. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (3)
4. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (7)
5. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (5)
6. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (4)
7. *The Great Treasury Raid*, Stern (6)
8. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (10)
9. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (8)
10. *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*, Lasky (9)

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**A**MERICA is growing stronger and faster than ever. All signs point to that.

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In the past decade, we have added 27,000,000 new telephones to meet the needs of our customers. We have built hundreds of new central offices, and put in thousands of miles of buried cable and dependable microwave radio links to bring these new phones fully into the system.

All told, the Bell System is now a nationwide network of some 70,000,000 telephones, and it is growing every day in response to demand.

## What the money is for

Of the 3¼ billion dollars we will spend in 1964, \$2,012,000,000 will go for growth; for example, to expand services to include new homes and businesses. Because of the growing use of Long Distance for data transmission as well as for calls between people, we'll need additional land circuits this year as in every year. Moreover, increased overseas communications necessitate enlarging our ocean cable program. We look forward to the day when radiotelephone, undersea cables, and satellites can work together worldwide.

Another \$423 million will go into modernization of our existing facilities. We will increase Direct Distance Dialing to 84% of our telephones this year. Also, certain of our less efficient



Bell System building construction is part of an expansion program creating jobs across America.

# you and the country better:

*Bell System will spend this sum in 1964*

central offices will be replaced with the latest equipment, many transmission links will be improved, and new kinds of phones will be offered.

## **A unique expenditure**

The remaining \$815,000,000 is budgeted for a need which is unique. We call it "the cost of standing still." It's what we have to spend just to maintain our business without increasing it at all.

This is a changing as well as a growing country, and as people and businesses move from location to location, we must change their service. For every 17 phones we install in 1964, we'll take about 14 out, leaving a net gain of 3 or so. And we must replace obsolescent and worn-out equipment.

As new highways and other construction proceed, we must move our lines and facilities to make way, and this costs money.

## **Defense and research**

Without subsidy of any kind, we are going ahead with a longtime program of protecting our network from a breakdown in case of catastrophe. We are completing a new system of buried cable which reaches from coast to coast, and taking other steps to insure the continuity of communications no matter what.

And while we seek to protect what we have on the one hand, we seek new ways to communicate on the other.

Activity at Bell Telephone Laboratories has never been more spirited and productive, as our scientists and



Western Electric Co. installers prepare cable for a new Bell Telephone central office.

engineers probe deeper into the nature of matter for new aids to communication. In their development work, Laboratories people work closely with their colleagues in manufacturing and operations.

Testing will continue in 1964 on several new products and services including new types of telephones, and the capabilities of communication via satellites. A dramatically new Electronic Central Office is being built for operation by the end of this year.

## **Importance of earnings**

How much we can do hinges on our ability to earn a reasonable return for the communications we provide.

Earnings are the basis on which we raise the capital to help us build and grow.

It should be added that 1964's  $3\frac{1}{4}$  billion dollars is all going into the economy. Spent through tens of thousands of businesses, this money will help create new work and wages for many people in and out of the Bell System.

We build for the future—a great future. While our aim is perfection, we don't always succeed. But we try hard—so that you can continue to enjoy the best telephone service in the world, at the lowest cost consistent with a fair return on our investment.

*Frederick R. Kappel*



FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
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Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!



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## LETTERS

### The Upward Road

Sir: The events in Africa today [March 13] are not a new chapter in human history, and any attempts to depict them as such are unjustified, egoistical and malicious. Why should Africa be expected to possess a magic wand that the rest of the world never had?

Africa is only a fellow traveler on the road that points toward man's ideals. On this road—which transcends continental, political, racial, tribal and ethnic boundaries—both human virtue and wickedness are never far apart.

ERNEST A. MULOKOZI  
(Tanganyikan)

Kingston, R. I.

Sir: African liberation came at least one century too early, and chaos will last until the poor Negro understands that welfare can only come from production, and production from the return and the safety of the white engineers and technicians.

JEAN ANDRÉ

Brussels

Sir: It is interesting to note that in the photograph of Kwame Nkrumah he is holding aloft an egg. This is one of his favorite symbols, "the egg of power." If one holds it too lightly, it will drop and smash; if one holds it too hard, it will break in one's hand. *Osagyefo*, of course, says that he knows exactly how to hold it.

BILL RUKEYSER

Pomfret, Conn.

Sir: Your picture shows Mr. Kenyatta with Kikuyu dancers and one gentleman who is not a Kenyan at all. At Mr. Kenyatta's side, with a short grey beard, stands Orlando Martins, a distinguished Nigerian actor who is here with me filming Max Catto's *Mister Moses*.

Thirty years ago, Martins and Kenyatta were actors in a British film, *Sanders of the River*. Your picture records the friends' first meeting since that time.

CARROLL BAKER

Limuru, Kenya

### An Obsolete Strick

Sir: I applaud your implication [March 13] that the big-stick policy has become obsolete, whether directly or indirectly used. If this feeling could only be sensed by the stubborn policymakers, the United States could well be on the road to regaining the respect and esteem it once enjoyed as leader of the free world.

FRANCO VEGA

Bellingham, Wash.

Sir: Hurrah for former Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy. Respect is the magic word. And respect, sadly enough, comes to most mentalities through rough self-interest policies. Amazing? Yes, but unfortunately true.

EVMA M. MICHALSKI

Lima, Peru

Sir: U.S. foreign aid is sometimes sheer preannounced bribery to those whom you think you would otherwise fail to befriend. All those heavy loads of dollars are one thing, and the way you give them away is another.

HUSSAIN MOHAMMED AL-AMLY

Baghdad

### Ruby or Dailios?

Sir: The barbaric death sentence given to Jack Ruby in Dallas [March 20] was a vindictive act prompted by a vicious, small-minded local press and citizenry. Injustice cannot bring about justice, nor can it eradicate the errors of the police department.

ELISABETH HUPP

Urbana, Ill.

Sir: A sense of justice that demands the death penalty for the slayer of an assassin is strange and bewildering. It must appear to the world that we had little regard for our late President when we demand the supreme penalty from the man who desired to avenge him, however mad and ill-advised the act was.

MRS. F. H. CRONAWERT

Colville, Wash.

Sir: White Ruby's guilt for his insane and violent act should not be minimized, it is the police department of Dallas that should have been on trial for conspicuous lack of precaution resulting in the deaths of both the President and Oswald.

GEORGE TOPAS

Lakewood, N.J.

### Parochial Concerns

Sir: The National Catholic Welfare Council would do well to heed Mrs. Ryan's suggestion that parochial schools be dropped [March 20].

By choice, a large percentage of Catholic mothers and fathers now send their children to public schools because of their less crowded classrooms and their generally better-prepared and more adequately paid teachers.

Those children still attending parochial schools should not be penalized and deprived of an equal chance for a proper

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TIME, MARCH 27, 1964





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Don't be fooled by the cool silver paint job. Or the fancy bucket seats. Or the eye-catching roof treatment. Under it all, Chrysler's new Silver 300 is a tiger.

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education, which cannot be had under existing conditions.

ARTHUR B. HEWSON

Chicago

Sir: Millions of Catholic mothers will disagree with Mrs. Ryan and her view that religion is taught by rote in parochial schools. We send our children to parochial schools not as a defense against anything, but for the integration of attitudes and values that we wish them to possess with their academic education.

(Mrs.) KAY FRANCES SCHMUCKER  
Syracuse, N.Y.

#### The Real Mustang

Sir: You imply that Ford has kept its new model, the Mustang, under tight wraps, and that your publishing a picture of it [March 13] is somewhat of a scoop. I, with thousands of others, saw the Mustang exhibited by Ford at the Chicago Auto Show last month.

JOHN SHEAHAN

Milwaukee

► The Chicago auto was not Ford's new Mustang but the Mustang II, a much photographed experimental car that contributed some features to the Mustang's styling but will not be sold to the public.—Ed.

#### Fight for the Farm

Sir: I've read your March 13 report on congressional action on farm legislation with deep dismay.

The American farmer is fighting for his life on the farm. His battle is our battle. Either we understand his position and help, or we drift closer to sociological and economic disaster as a nation.

WILLIAM J. GUY

Governor

Bismarck, N.Dak.

#### For the Love of Art

Sir: Pierre Bonnard, you report [March 13], started the Hahnlosers' portrait in 1923 while sailing with them in the Mediterranean. You quoted Bonnard's "wife" at the scene of the sketchings. Bonnard had no wife in 1923. He married his model and mistress Maria Bourin, also known as Marthe de Meligny, in 1925.

PHILIP DE BRAUHIEN

Ormond Beach, Fla.

► Mrs. Lisa Jiggli-Hahnloser, who witnessed the scene, says that at that time Bonnard had already lived with Marthe for many years (since 1893) and always introduced her as his wife. Adds Frau Hahnloser: "They certainly used to argue with each other as if they had been married a long time."—Ed.

Sir: In the painting by Vuillard, *The Checkerboard*, I was much more interested in the game the gentlemen were playing than in the rest of the picture. I am used to playing checkers on an "eight-by-eight" board; this one, however, seems to have ten squares in each row!

PETER WULKAN

New York City

► The gentlemen are playing a popular European variety of checkers known as Polish or Continental draughts, first played in the cafés of Paris in 1727. It is played on a 100-square board, with 20 men on a side.—Ed.

#### Before a Fall

Sir: English Teacher Thayer Warshaw [March 20] seems to be among the 88% of his students who flunked "Pride goeth

before a fall." The correct answer is: "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall."

RANDI PITTS

Hartford, Conn.

Sir: Does it really matter who Sodom and Gomorrah were? Or what Isaiah said? It seems to me the schools should concentrate on more meaningful subjects and refrain from such trivia.

WALTER DUKE

Alpine, N.J.

#### Muir's Masterpiece

Sir: Time, true to its reputation for recognizing all who attain prominence in a particular field has given to the world a brief glimpse of the life and creative talents of the late William Muir [March 13 & 20].

In the opinion of those who knew Bill, his masterpiece, unknowingly molded and shaped by the friendly touch of his hands, the warmth of his smile, the dignity and courageous spirit expressed in tireless effort for good and right, and the comforting philosophy by which he lived, is the image of himself left in a small Maine coast community.

DANIEL H. CLARK

Ellsworth, Maine

#### "Why Can't the English . . ."

Sir: We cannot expect marked improvement in English [March 13] as long as street signs read "Drive Slow," sports writers quote defeated contestants as saying "They played a real good game," and a not reputedly brilliant segment of university students becomes school administrators when too old to coach athletics.

J.V.K. WAGAR

Fort Collins, Colo.

Sir: The poor English we speak is learned primarily from one source: our parents. The English teacher has little chance of success with a child who has heard nothing but grammatical errors and two-syllable words.

ELLEN O'SULLIVAN

Sheboygan, Wis.

#### Flip-Flop

Sir: The delightful thing about this Julia Child [March 20] is that, for all her culinary skill, her approach seems as casual as that of us ordinary, often-harassed family cooks. Once she poured wine instead of oil into some dish and said, "Oops—wrong bottle." Another time she poured a dollop of wine into one of her concoctions, held the bottle up to the light, then put it to her lips, drained the last few drops and remarked in a pleasantly smug tone, "One of the rewards of being a cook!"

ANNA S.F. VOIGT

New Castle, Del.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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**Convention Center of the World—Chicago's Conrad Hilton.** Not without reason has this hotel earned its title: Convention Center of the World. It offers more and bigger facilities for handling your business meetings, exhibits and conventions than any other hotel in the world. Even if you're not convention-bound, you'll like many things about the Conrad Hilton, "the world's largest and friendliest hotel." The lakefront view, for example. The hotel is located in downtown Chicago, on Michigan Avenue, overlooking Grant Park and Lake Michigan. You're within walking distance of the Loop and all the important cultural, financial and entertainment centers. And, for excellent shopping, try the hotel's many fine stores.

**Helicopter to the Door: Los Angeles Statler Hilton.** If you're arriving in Los Angeles by air, take the time-saving heliocab from the airport. If you're driving, you'll be delighted to find the Statler Hilton's right near all the major freeways. There's a special motorists' entrance and registration desk, too. Right on Wilshire Boulevard, the hotel's convenient to everything in downtown L.A.: business offices, shopping are within walking distance. Sightseeing is just minutes away. Once your business is completed, you can relax in the hotel's heated pool, or sip a drink at the poolside patio.

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TIME, MARCH 27, 1964

Who first put air conditioning in a neat little package?



**Airtemp** *the cooling/heating division of Chrysler Corporation*

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 27, 1964 Vol. 83, No. 13

## THE NATION

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### How to Take Up the Slack

Though in some ways Lyndon Johnson is a consummate politician, nobody has ever confused him with Disraeli. Somehow, the picture of Smooth Lyndon the Senate Persuader does not carry over into his conduct of foreign affairs. Indeed, during his first 100 days or so, the President sometimes gave the impression that U.S. influence abroad had declined because of some failure in his capacity to deal with crises. And as crises flashed across the map like fireflies on a hot night—as Viet Nam got messier and Charles de Gaulle froisier—that critical impression of Johnson made it seem all the more apparent that his grasp on the reins was too uncertain.

But last week the President began to take up some of the slack. In three separate instances he moved with both sureness and speed, and while he inflicted a few bruises in the process, he also managed to leave the impression that he has begun to get the hang of foreign policy.

In EUROPE, for example, Johnson took a tough line with the Communists, who were holding captive three U.S. Air Force officers. The flyers—1st Lieut. Harold W. Welch, 24, Captain David I. Holland, 35, and Captain Melvin J. Kessler, 30—parachuted into Communist East Germany after their unarmed reconnaissance plane strayed beyond the West German border and was shot down. Day after day, the U.S. lodged protests with Soviet officials in Washington, Berlin and Moscow, but the Russians were not listening. At length Johnson warned Moscow that "further delay in the release and return of the crewmen clearly jeopardizes possibilities for expanding areas of United States-Soviet cooperation and can affect present efforts in cooperation in various fields." Stripped of its diplomatic language, Johnson's message to Moscow bluntly suggested that unless the airmen were released, the Soviets risked losing their much-sought charter for a Moscow-New York air route and the opportunity to open a consulate in the U.S. as well. That was the kind of talk the Soviets understood. At week's end, they released Lieut. Welch, who had been injured after parachuting out of the plane. That move brightened the prospect that his fellow flyers might also be returned home.

In SOUTHEAST ASIA, the President resisted the temptation to veer off on a new tack in the ugly guerrilla war in South Viet Nam. Bolstered by the latest on-the-spot report from Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Johnson decided to ignore both those who would neutralize the country and those who would carry the fight across the 17th parallel into North Viet Nam. Instead,

Panamanian news media billed the agreement as a U.S. backdown, and Lyndon blew his top. Addressing Latin American ambassadors at the Pan American Union, the President declared angrily: "As of this moment, I do not believe that there has been a genuine meeting of the minds between the two Presidents of the two countries involved. Press reports indicate that the



AIR FORCE LIEUT. WELCH AFTER RELEASE  
From Washington, sureness and speed—and a few bruises.

he reaffirmed the slow, painful course that the U.S. has been following for some three years. "We must stay there and help them," he said, "and that is what we are going to do." Equally important was the U.S. decision to increase current aid of \$500 million a year by about \$40 million to help South Viet Nam's new ruler, General Nguyen Khanh, conduct "clear-and-hold" operations against the Viet Cong guerrillas. If the current course of action proves a flop, Lyndon does not rule out the possibility of stepped-up guerrilla warfare on North Viet Nam's home grounds.

In LATIN AMERICA, the object of Johnson's tough approach was Panama. After a five-man mediation committee of the Organization of American States announced that Panama and the U.S. had agreed to launch "discussions and negotiations" on the 1903 Canal treaty,

government of Panama feels that the language which has been under consideration for many days commits the United States to a rewriting and to a revision of the 1903 treaty. We have made no such commitment."

Inevitably, the President's taut handling of the Latin Americans earned him some criticism. Latin American ambassadors, ever sensitive to signs of Yankee insensitivity, complained that Johnson had spoiled all the good fellowship that supposedly characterizes hemispheric relations, and that, furthermore, he had shown poor taste in lambasting the Panamanians before a distinguished gathering of their neighbors. But the fact was that Panamanian politics, with an eye on May's presidential elections there, did distort the facts to make it seem as if the U.S. had given in to their demands—and Lyndon Johnson was not about to tolerate that.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Image of a Simple Man

Plainly, Lyndon Johnson has been working hard to mold himself into a winning image for election day 1964. And never has he been so hard at it as he was during a chatty, 60-minute, nationwide television interview last week.

Carefully modulating his voice into a gentle low key, the President talked about his poverty program and how he proposes to deal with the fact that "illiteracy, and ignorance and disease cost this Government billions of dollars per year and make for much unhappiness." He spoke of the U.S.'s crying need for a civil rights bill: "I know of nothing more important for this Congress to do than to pass the civil rights act as the House passed it."

He mentioned with folksy pride his determination to save Government money: "We have tried to eliminate waste at every corner. I don't believe

Administration—New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier? Johnson twinkled: "I haven't thought of any slogan, but I suppose all of us want a Better Deal, don't we?" Did he consider himself liberal, conservative, Southerner, Westerner, or what? Responding with an "I'm glad you asked—that question glance, the President replied: "I have often said that I was proud that I was a free man first and an American second, and a public servant third, and a Democratic fourth—in that order."

Then, in an answer that he used as his peroration, he apostrophized the American free enterprise system in a way that few of his predecessors have done. "I am so happy to be a part of a system," he said, "where the average per capita income is in excess of \$200 per month when there are only six nations in the entire world that have as much as \$80 per month, and while the Soviet Union has three times as much tillable acres of land as we have and a pop-

satisfaction around the White House. "It didn't have the shine and glitter of a Kennedy performance," observed one adviser, "but I think it got across to the American people. Some people might call it a little corny, and there was a little corn in it. But that's his approach. He and I have talked about this several times since he took over. I believe—and I'm sure he believes—that the best image for him now and through the campaign is that of a serious, able, competent man who understands the office of the presidency, who is learning quickly and is mastering the job. Now is no time to be smart or humorous. It's a time to show sobriety and sincerity. Johnson comes across as a sincere and rather simple man, giving it the best he's got."

The President is already planning to give more. The Democratic National Committee is grinding out publicity about Lyndon's triumphs with the tax cut and the poverty program. And while party workers are available by the truckload, chances are that Lyndon himself will mastermind almost every detail of his 1964 campaign. "It's a senatorial quality," says one close friend. "He'll be his own politician, Democratic chairman and campaign manager. He'll try to blend together the experienced Kennedy and Johnson people."

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### The Poverty Plan

President Johnson declared his "war on poverty" last week with all of the martial fervor of a 12th century crusader. "On many historic occasions," he told the Congress in a message accompanying his antipoverty bill, "the President has requested from Congress the authority to move against forces which were endangering the well-being of our country. This is such an occasion. Our objective: total victory."

Johnson even referred to Sargent Shriver, who would head the \$962 million program in a new Office of Economic Opportunity, as "my personal Chief of Staff." And Shriver, already waging the war, although he still heads the Peace Corps, sounded equally militant in an address to the National Farmers Union in St. Paul. "This new program is not an election-year gimmick," he said. "For the first time in man's history we do have the power to eliminate poverty from an entire continental nation."

That kind of passion rings bells among rank-and-file troops across the U.S., but the Administration's first big battle is pinpointed on Capitol Hill. There, Johnson & Co. will have to explain to skeptical Congressmen precisely what they plan to do—and how. All last week Shriver and various Cabinet members trooped into sessions of a House Education and Labor subcommittee to explain the package. Since the causes of poverty are diverse and inter-



JOHNSON WITH NEWSMEN IN TV INTERVIEW\*

*A time to show sobriety and sincerity.*

that we are going to make the Treasury over by cutting out a few automobiles or turning out a few lights. But I do think it is a good example when you walk through the corridor and you see the closets where lights burn all day and all night just because someone didn't turn them off." He spoke of the need to take a fresh view of U.S. relations with recalcitrant allies: "People feel that all we need to do is mash a button and determine everybody's foreign policy. But we are not living in that kind of world any more."

**A Better Mousetrap.** He declined to be drawn into the Bobby Baker mess: "I think every man is entitled to a fair trial, and I would like to see what conclusion is reached and what the evidence shows—with which I am not familiar—before I would make a judgment." And how would he label his

ulation that's in excess of ours and a great many resources that we don't have that, if properly developed, would exceed our potential in water and oil, and so forth. Nevertheless, we have one thing they don't have, and that is our system of private enterprise—free enterprise—where the employer, hoping to make a little profit, the laborer, hoping to justify his wages, can get together and make a better mousetrap.

"I may not be a great President, but as long as I am here, I am going to try to be a good President and do my dead level best to see this system preserved."

**Senatorial Quality.** The response of those who saw the program seemed to be highly favorable (Walter Lippmann gave it a rave), and there was general

\* NBC's David Brinkley, ABC's William H. Lawrence, CBS's Eric Sevareid.

related, any comprehensive attack on them is necessarily complex. The programs that the bill would permit certainly are that:

- **JOB CORPS.** About \$190 million would be spent in the first year to find and train 40,000 boys, aged 16-21, who are illiterate, or too unskilled or ill-motivated to adapt to normal job training. The less competent half would go to rural camps for up to two years, learn the disciplines of manual labor on conservation projects, study rudimentary reading, writing, arithmetic and speech. The top half would be sent to unused military reservations for training in specific vocational skills and basic academic subjects. All would get a \$30-\$50 monthly living allowance and a separation payment of \$50 for each month of satisfactory service. Insists Shriver: "These centers and camps will not be dumping grounds for juvenile delinquents, dope addicts or drunkards."

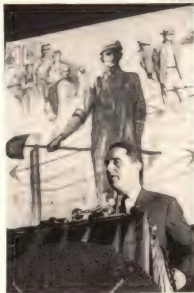
- **WORK TRAINING.** Some 200,000 better-equipped boys and girls would get on-the-job training as nurse's aides, clerks, typists and mechanics if local schools, hospitals, city governments and settlement houses made the jobs available. To induce local agencies to do so, the federal Government would pay 90% of the costs.

- **WORK STUDY.** Some 145,000 college students would be encouraged to remain in school through federal subsidies for part-time jobs to help them earn their way.

- **COMMUNITY ACTION.** The vaguest but potentially most effective program is a \$315 million offering of grants to communities that develop their own antipoverty campaigns. The activities would require federal approval, but the program would rely heavily on local initiative and ideas.

- **AID TO FARMERS.** Since half of all U.S. poverty exists in rural areas, up to 45,000 farm families would get grants to buy stock or equipment to raise their income to minimum living levels. The idea is to keep farmers from joining the surplus of unskilled labor in the cities. Argues Shriver: "It is cheaper for the taxpayers to pay once to buy a low-income farm family a cow than to pay for milk for the children of that family day after day in the city." A more controversial provision would set up non-profit corporations to buy up large tracts of land, improve it for efficient farming, then sell the land in economically sized subdivisions to low-income families.

- **VOLUNTEERS.** Five thousand people would be recruited to work (much like Peace Corpsmen) among the poor at an unspecified living allowance and \$50 per month separation pay. Half of the volunteers would be available to local agencies that request them (with the approval of the state Governor), half would be assigned to projects such as migratory worker groups, conservation camps and Indian reservations.



SHRIVER IN ST. PAUL  
A passion that rings bells.

Johnson's bill also calls for expansion of existing programs. There would be loans to new or expanded industries in depressed areas, loans to small businesses, literacy and vocational training for mothers who collect aid for dependent children, pilot projects to aid unemployed fathers.

The bill, in short, outlines a war plan that ought to warm the cockles of any social worker's heart. But mighty crusades have an unhappy way of getting mired in the implementation. Cabinet officers who would be responsible for various aspects of the program insisted last week that the whole scattershot package could be properly administered without creating any wasteful new bureaucracy. Each was satisfied with the role assigned to his department, none resented the vast powers that would be handed to "Poverty Czar" Shriver. If the Administration can ever convince the Congress of that, the poverty war itself may prove to be a pushover by comparison.

## FOREIGN AID

### The Same or Less

Still in an economy-minded mood, President Johnson sent to Congress last week a foreign aid message asking for a bare-bones \$3.4 billion for fiscal 1965. It was the lowest figure since Harry Truman inaugurated the program in 1947, and \$1.5 billion less than President Kennedy originally requested last year.

By keeping his sights somewhere close to a realistic target, Johnson was proceeding on the premise that Congress would call this a sensible procedure and keep its whittling knife sheathed. But initial Capitol Hill reaction was different.

Warned Louisiana's Democratic Rep-

resentative Otto Passman, the biggest aid-chopper of them all: "Those of us who are charged with finding the fat in this program know there is an asking price and a taking price. I hope we can work the asking price down to the taking price." Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse thought the request could "safely be cut 25%," to around \$2.5 billion.

Administration staffers insist that there is no fat. Moreover, they point to a flock of new, money-saving features. Six countries, for example, have been lopped off the list of aid recipients. Seven nations will no longer get military equipment grants, and 14 countries will be phased out of the plan altogether, possibly as early as 1968. Two-thirds of the \$1 billion earmarked for military aid will go to eleven countries located on the periphery of the Sino-Soviet bloc. Of the total aid appropriation, 88% will go to 25 countries, more than half of them in Latin America. And furthermore, Johnson has ordered the Agency for International Development to cut back its staff by 1,200 people.

In addition to all that, the President said he would ask Congress for a 30% tax credit for U.S. private business investment in underdeveloped nations, and noted that he was following up on a suggestion made by Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper that he create a citizens' committee to study the aid program on a country-by-country basis.

The Administration is thus convinced it has done its level best to show Congress that it has squeezed every non-essential penny out of foreign aid proposals this time. "We didn't feel we had much choice," says one top foreign aid official. "We'd got to the point where Congress didn't believe us, and we had to do something to restore faith."

## THE CONGRESS

### Fanning the Air

Standing at his desk on the Democratic side of the Senate, Mississippi's John C. Stennis orated in rich, sonorous tones about how public opinion was turning against the civil rights bill. "I believe," he boomed, "the proponents of this bill are beaten because they haven't got the votes." To that, Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, who is floor-managing the bill for the Administration, had a ready reply. "There is only one way to find out," said Humphrey. "Let the Senate vote on it."

**Smear Specialists.** That is precisely what the South's indefatigable smear-speakers have been trying to prevent, for in a straight vote a majority of the Senate would probably approve the bill in quick time. To keep the measure from coming to a vote, the Southerners are determined to talk until the Senate adjourns for the G.O.P. presidential Convention in July, and they are off to a pretty good start. The House required only nine days to debate, amend and



pass the bill. The Senate has spent better than twelve windy days merely debating a motion on whether to consider it. Complained Humphrey: "We are doing little more than fanning the air."

What further disturbed the pro-rights Senators was the rising tide of anti-rights letters pouring into their mailboxes. Much of it, apparently, was spurred by a racist advertisement placed in 200 U.S. newspapers by the anti-civil rights Coordinating Committee for Fundamental American Freedoms, Inc.\* and headlined \$100 BILLION BLACKBACK. California Republican Thomas Kuchel said his mail reads 5-1 against the bill; New York Republican Kenneth Keating's swung from 5-1 in favor to 5-2 against this month. Mail to Midwestern and Rocky Mountain Senators was running as high as 10-1 against the bill.

**Dead of Drought.** Meanwhile, Southern Senators were performing their traditional sentry duties. One day it was Georgia's Richard Russell, who passed the time by reviving a musty notion of his—a \$1.5 billion scheme to distribute

jawed for three hours and 39 minutes without a note to prop him.

Some time this week the Southerners are expected to give in and let the bill come to the floor. Then they will begin to filibuster in earnest. But yet another delay is in prospect. Just for form's sake, Oregon's Wayne Morse, a pro-rights man, believes the bill ought to go to the Judiciary Committee, headed by Mississippi Segregationist James O. Eastland, with instructions that it be returned in ten days. In Eastland's hands, a civil rights bill has the approximate survival quotient of a snowball in the Sahara: 121 such measures have been referred to the Judiciary Committee since 1953, and precisely one has found its way back to the Senate—and that only because there were specific orders that it be returned. Civil rights supporters feel that Eastland would send this one back, since he would have no choice, but it would be so maimed by crippling amendments that it would take weeks to nurse the bill back into shape.



CANDIDATE SALINGER

*A genuine draft, inspired by the candidate himself.*

Negroes equally among the 50 states (they now account for only 0.1% of the population of Vermont and North Dakota, but 42% in Mississippi). On St. Patrick's Day, it was South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, Sporting a dewy green carnation in his buttonhole, he rose to speak a few words, and by the time he was finished, five hours and 40 minutes later, the carnation was surely dead of drought. On still another occasion, it was North Carolina's Sam Ervin, who

## DEMOCRATS

### Senator Salinger?

The telephone jangled in the Fairmont Hotel's Room 75 overlooking San Francisco Bay, its waters ashimmer in the morning sunlight. A young woman picked up the phone, announced: "Salinger for Senator." In the roomful of newsmen and politicians, no one flinched more at the strangeness of those unlikely words than puckish Pierre Salinger, 39, who less than 24 hours before had been happily padding about the White House in his job as presidential press secretary.

While even Salinger was not yet used to the idea, official Washington was swept by surprise at the suddenness of his move. Pierre Salinger was one of the few Jack Kennedy intimates who

had managed to adapt smoothly to the contrasting mood and manner of President Johnson. Yet at 3 p.m. one afternoon, Salinger told Johnson that he was quitting to run for the Democratic senatorial nomination in California. By 6 p.m., Johnson had named as Salinger's successor George E. Reedy, a gregarious former United Press reporter and a loyal L.B.J. aide for 13 years (see PRESS). By midnight, Pierre was headed West.

**"Plucky, Not Stupid."** Washington newsmen were plainly sorry to see Salinger go. Though they deplored his disdain for detail and his bothersome habit of unexplained disappearances during presidential trips, Pierre was always sharp at painting the broad picture. "He would start talking," says one veteran newsmen, "and he would damn near write your story for you." On the big stories, such as the Cuba missile crisis, Salinger rolled up his sleeves, lit a cigar the size of a shiny stick and plowed into his work with admirable professionalism. Most any time he was good for some congenial argument, a \$1,000 night of poker, a pungent wisecrack. Jack Kennedy made him a frequent target for teasing, and Pierre never seemed to mind it. "Plucky Pierre," they called him. When he refused to keep a pledge to hike 50 miles, Pierre explained: "I may be plucky, but I ain't stupid."

He did show some nervousness at his San Francisco press conference, but his sense of humor was still intact: "I could tell you that I have succumbed to the urging of many friends," he said, "but the truth is that this candidacy is a genuine draft—a draft inspired by the candidate himself." Answering serious questions, he insisted: "I've had a very warm relationship with President Johnson. There was absolutely no dissent with anything at the White House." Where would he get campaign money? "I'm very confident about my ability to get funds."

**Big Daddy.** While Salinger's last-minute hate (the filed just two hours before the deadline) made it seem that he had been seized by a sudden impulse to be a Senator, he is too experienced in the ways of politics to barge into a race without assurance of substantial support. Most California politicians assume that Salinger's real inspiration came from Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, speaker of the state assembly and Democratic Party wheel, who—until Salinger showed up—seemed to be losing a backstage struggle for party power to Governor Pat Brown.

The struggle concerns Senator Clair Engle, 52, who is recuperating from a brain operation. Most California politicians feel that Engle cannot possibly conduct a vigorous re-election campaign, let alone represent a key state in Washington, and they want him to retire. Engle's wife, Lucretia, is fighting hard to keep him in the race. The liberal

\* An outfit headed by Publisher William Loeb of the Manchester, N.H., Union Leader, a far-right supporter of Barry Goldwater, and Lawyer John C. Satterfield of Yazoo City, Miss., a former head of the American Bar Association and an avowed states' rights. Much of the committee's money comes from the publicly financed Mississippi State Sovereignty Commission.

California Democratic Council has already rejected Engle and instead has endorsed State Controller Alan Cranston. Governor Brown, a longtime political colleague of Engle's, announced his support for Cranston too.

Where did that leave Big Daddy? His influence as a key power in the state has waned since John Kennedy's death, and Unruh wanted his own senatorial candidate to throw into the fight. He did not want Alan Cranston. So he urged California Attorney General Stanley Mosk to enter the primary, but Governor Brown persuaded Mosk that his candidacy would hurt the party. Mosk withdrew. Unruh cast about for another candidate, failed to find a willing man. Until he hit on San Francisco-born Pierre Salinger.

The biggest question for Salinger is a technical one: as a resident of Virginia, does he meet California's residence requirements to run? Presumably his good friend Attorney General Mosk will knock down any legal barriers to Pierre's candidacy. But the whimsical Salinger should appreciate the ultimate irony in the fact that even if he clears that obstacle, he cannot vote for himself in the primary because he is not a registered California voter. He can only hope that he does not lose by one vote.

## Robert Who?

The date: August 1964. The place: Convention Hall, Atlantic City. The milling throngs at the Democratic National Convention have suddenly thrown themselves into paroxysms of cheers, shrieks and rebel yells. Snaking through the mob come dozens of beach-tanned nubile wenches, smiling, waving placards. The band puffs its zillionth chorus of Happy Days Are Here Again. And then to the spotlighted rostrum moves

Lyndon Baines Johnson, who has just been nominated by acclamation as the party's candidate to succeed himself. Humbly, he motions for silence.

He thanks the delegates. He praises Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Harry Truman and John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He promises to do his best. He does not revile the Republicans, but he predicts victory at the same time that he hymns the glories of America.

He becomes very serious. It is time, he says, to think about the man who must stand ready to step into the President's shoes if tragedy should befall. He reminds the delegates that back in March he said on television that competence should be the sole quality in picking a vice-presidential candidate. And suddenly he is making a nominating speech.

"We are very fortunate to have among us a man who is supremely competent. He is a man who, in the past four years, has been responsible for spending \$50 billion a year on our nation's defense. He is a man whose watchword is economy. He comes from a business background where he had the job of running the entire Ford Motor Co. He is also the man who has been running our war in South Viet Nam, a war that we are going to win any day. Now! Fellow Americans! I give you the next Vice President of the United States! Mr. Competence himself! The Secretary of Defense! Robert Strange McNamara!"

ROBERT STRANGE: McNAMARA? That's strange. It must be a dream. Or is it? This is the I've-Got-a-Secret season so far as the identity of the next Democratic vice-presidential nominee is concerned. The President's got the secret, and he won't tell—yet. Bobby Kennedy's name is up. So is Hubert Humphrey's. And Sargent Shriver's. And now McNamara's.

Perhaps it is not so far-fetched after all. McNamara, 47, is not likely to get the votes of the Pentagon brass, but he has built up a substantial reputation for himself in the past three years. And, importantly, he is a Johnson favorite. Said Lyndon recently: "I couldn't sleep at night if I didn't know that Bob McNamara or someone like him was Secretary of Defense." The President likes people who come to him with decisions and ideas, and McNamara's abilities in that respect, plus his devotion to public service and his unshakable self-confidence, enhance his potential. Moreover, he is an independent Democrat. He can count on some built-in support from his native California. And he would almost certainly sit better with Southerners than Bobby Kennedy.

McNamara is notably silent about the boomlet on his behalf, but he has apparently found that he has a budding taste for politics. During his last trip to South Viet Nam, he stomped the Mekong Delta with Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Khanh. Unexpectedly, the usu-

ally aloof McNamara began waving his arms, exhorting crowds, and crying, "Viet Nam muon nam! (Viet Nam forever)" at the top of his voice. The people obviously loved it and so, apparently, did McNamara. "At the end," says one surprised Defense Department official who was present, "you couldn't keep him away from a camera or microphone." McNamara's boosters now feel certain that once President Johnson reads the Secretary's out-of-town notices, he might well decide to take Robert Strange McNamara to the Big Show in Atlantic City. He certainly could do worse.



RENE & ANNIE ON THE STUMP  
Too good to be true?

## The Astrowives in Ohio

Astronaut John Glenn launched himself into Ohio politics in January when he decided to run against peppery old (74) Senator Stephen Young for the Democratic senatorial nomination. But four days before he was to retire from the Marine Corps, Glenn, 42, slipped, fell, and cracked his head against the bathtub in a Columbus apartment. He began to hear ringing in his ears. He had dizzy spells and nausea whenever he moved his head. Postponing his retirement, Glenn checked into a San Antonio military hospital.

He is still there—and flat on his back most of the time. He is unable to walk at all unless he tilts his head forward at a 45° angle, holds it perfectly still and then shuffles along with his feet spread far apart. His doctor, Earl W. Brannon, says that the bathtub blow hit just slightly above Glenn's left ear, sending shock waves crashing into his inner ear, possibly causing swelling and some hemorrhaging. "He botched up his equi-



McNAMARA IN SOUTH VIET NAM  
Can it be a dream?

librium center to a pretty good degree," explains Brannon.

"A Christian Man." Glenn is not permanently disabled, but his condition demands rest—and plenty of it. That is no way to run a senatorial primary campaign, so Glenn has assigned his pretty brunette wife Annie, 43, to act as his stand-in. Since Annie dislikes making public speeches, and stutters besides, she in turn has enlisted the help of her good friend Rene Carpenter, wife of Astronaut Scott Carpenter.

Last week the astrowives were orbiting Ohio with a curiously nonpolitical pitch. They reason that they cannot speak for Glenn's politics, and that he himself is prohibited from declaring his ideas because he is still a Marine. The best the girls can do is to promote a sort of "John Glenn, American Boy" image and explain why, as they put it, "a good Christian man like John Glenn would do a grubby thing like entering politics." At a rally in Marysville, Rene Carpenter ticked off a long list of Glenn's virtues, cried, "Why must politics be something dirty? Why can't you believe that there is such a man—almost too good to be true? I know that maybe that's his flaw. We've heard the 'Jack Armstrong' remarks, but you have to know this man to appreciate him."

"Hide-and-Seek." Among those who would like very much to know more about Glenn is doughty Steve Young. Cruising into Akron last week in a sheriff's car covered with campaign signs, Liberal Democrat Young blustered in exasperation: "How do you campaign against a national hero who is at this moment flat on his back in a military hospital? I'm in a hide-and-seek campaign and I know it. I'm not even sure what I'm campaigning against."

Young's bewilderment was understandable. He would much prefer to forgo the dubious honor of campaign-

ing against two attractive women. But there is only a slim chance that Young will be able to take on the candidate himself. Glenn probably will not get out of the hospital by April 1. The earliest that he can resign from the Marines after that is May 1. That would give him only a few days in which to campaign before the May 5 election.

### The Invader

There, of all people, was Alabama's Democratic Governor George Wallace, swaggering into Wisconsin.

What was he doing there? Frankly, he was out to harass the Johnson Administration by posing as a serious candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. By moving into Wisconsin's presidential primary fight, he also figured that he might even pick up enough segregationist votes to embarrass Governor (and Democratic favorite son) John Reynolds.

As even cheeky George Wallace might have expected, there were many Wisconsinites who were anything but happy to have him around. The Milwaukee Journal got off some potshots at him before he arrived, and three of the state's Catholic newspapers carried withering blasts. Heedless of all that, Wallace landed in Milwaukee to be greeted by members of several ragtag organizations, among them the Liberty Amendment Committee, dedicated to income tax repeal, and the Christian Freedom Fighters, who want to "put more Christ into politics."

In Milwaukee and elsewhere, Wallace's reception was less than exuberant. In Oshkosh he was greeted by a jeering band of 400 college students. He endured rough questioning at a meeting with 17 Protestant clergymen. An overflow crowd of 2,000 curiosity-seekers jammed the civic auditorium to hear him preach against the civil

rights bill—and to raise placards reading "Go Home, Bigot" and "Keep Your Dogs in Birmingham."

After surviving two days of this sort of campaigning, Wallace retired to Alabama. There he told a Chamber of Commerce meeting: "The people in that area feel and think just as we do in Alabama." They figured George ought to know; he was there.

### REPUBLICANS

#### The Candidates at Work

► Barry Goldwater had his finest hour in California. He won endorsement from the California Republican Assembly despite a Rockefeller attempt to block it. Actually the C.R.A. is a dwindling power in state politics, and its boost gave Goldwater little more than a psychological victory. But Barry made the most of it. After a surprise visit to the winter retreat of Dwight Eisenhower in Palm Desert, Barry reported that Ike said "he does not think it wise for Republicans to fight Republicans," and implied that this was a criticism of Nelson Rockefeller. At a fund-raising dinner in Los Angeles, Goldwater fired a volume of metaphors at President Johnson and the Bobby Baker scandal. Said he: "If a Republican President found a Bobby Baker in his closet, he would open the door and air it out, not slam the door and try to hide it. . . . I don't care if there is a Baker's dozen of sacred cows involved in this scandal—they should be herded out in a roundup of honesty." Cheers and applause were thunderous. Even better: the \$100-a-plate dinner netted nearly \$400,000 for the Goldwater campaign treasury.

► Governor Rockefeller returned to New York from his California swing—and probably wished that he had stayed away longer. The state assembly in Albany turned down a pet Rockefeller plan to provide \$165 million in new state funds for public housing. What made the defeat even more chilling was the fact that Rocky's own Republican majority in the assembly ganged up to vote 63-16 against him.

► Governor William Scranton rammed through the state assembly his much-betrayed plan to reform Pennsylvania's rickety unemployment compensation laws (TIME, Feb. 21). So intense was Democratic feeling against the bill that the assembly nearly broke into a riot. Characteristically, Scranton said he was interested only in what the bill "is going to do for Pennsylvania." But no one could deny that the victory would add another feather to his national cap. Scranton, who once showed even less interest in the vice-presidential nomination than in the No. 1 job, told newsmen he would accept a vice-presidential draft. Of course, he added, he does not think a vice-presidential nominee is drafted, but he might consider the job just the same.

► Richard Nixon conceded that "it is obvious that I will attend the Republi-



WALLACE IN OSHKOSH  
Somewhat less than welcome.

can Convention and have some influence on the decision." For the next three weeks, Nixon will be working his way through the Far East on behalf of the Pepsi-Cola Co., a client of his New York law firm. On the itinerary for a two-day stopover: Saigon, South Viet Nam, temporary home of noncandidate Henry Cabot Lodge. On the agenda for discussion: politics—or Pepsi?

## CRIME

### The Seldom Seen

Every year, \$350 million worth of illegal narcotics get smuggled into the U.S. Most of the stuff comes from Turkey, Communist China and Thailand, moves through processing plants in France, then is passed by racketeers to dope pushers on street corners, in barrooms and pool halls. Last year the Bureau of Customs seized nearly 1,500 oz. of heroin, 48,000 oz. of marijuana at U.S. ports and borders. That is a big haul, but not nearly big enough. The smuggling trade is still profitable enough to satisfy the needs of the nation's 48,000 narcotic addicts, 23,000 of whom live in New York City alone.

Controlling the torrent of narcotics traffic into the U.S. is the job of a seldom-seen band of 295 agents housed by Bureau of Narcotics Commissioner Henry Luke Giordano, 49, a tough veteran of 22 years with the bureau and an ingenious undercover operative. Last week a House appropriations subcommittee released testimony from Giordano, who described some of the triumphs and perils of his adventurous colleagues. Items:

► In 1962, a U.S. agent in France, posing as a gangland dope racketeer, arranged a buy from an international narcotics ring. French police closed in just as a batch of heroin was delivered to the agent. The deliveryman shot his way free, but he and the gang's ring-leaders were arrested later.

► In late 1962, agents got wind of a pair of brothers who were peddling heroin in New York—one taking orders in his East Harlem clothing and toy store, the other delivering the "junk" in his taxicab. An undercover agent made a buy of 102 gm. of heroin for \$2,000. Later, both brothers were arrested, and 442 gr. of heroin were found in the taxicab.

► In 1962, agents boarded an express truck delivering baggage to a building in Hoboken, N.J. When two men later left the building with the bags, the agents arrested them, recovered 687 kg. of marijuana and 202 gm. of heroin. Baggage checks taken from one of the captives led to caches of narcotics at railroad stations in Poughkeepsie and Albany, N.Y., and Philadelphia.

► In April 1963, a narcotics agent in Turkey wormed his way into the confidence of a band of international traffickers headed by the former mayor of a Turkish city. The agent arranged to buy 18 kg. of morphine base. The ex-



FLAMING HOME IN GLENDALE

"If there is a hell, there is a picture of it."

mayor made the delivery—accompanied by 20 Turks armed to the teeth. When the agent and Turkish police got the drop on the crooks, they tried to shoot their way out. After a furious gun battle, six men, including the ex-mayor, were arrested. Said Giordano: "Very few cases in Turkey end up in other than gunfire."

► Last October in Chicago, two agents in separate cars spotted a well-known narcotics racketeer named Nolan Mack taking a heroin delivery from a second man. Recognizing the agents, Mack leaped into his car and fled. The agents barreled after him. In a dizzying chase, Mack rammed one of the pursuing cars, sent it careening into a lamp pole. The second agent finally cornered Mack. But as the agent scrambled from his car, Mack opened fire. The first bullet creased the agent's temple; the second slammed into a car window, spraying glass into the agent's face. The report concludes with characteristic understatement: "When the agent was able to return the fire, two of his shots hit Mack, causing his death."

## CALIFORNIA

### No End to Disaster

Down over the hills ringing L. os Angeles swept the parching devil winds. Humidity dropped below 1%: it was drier than a desert. The brilliant colors of sumac, greasewood and wild lilac had long faded to dusty brown, and the chaparral cracked and clacked like desiccated bones in a bowl. Then, just before dawn one day last week, the nightmare that Angelinos have well learned to dread happened again. The brush in the hills, ignited by power lines torn to the ground by whistling winds, exploded into flame. With incredible speed, fire raced through the white-collar suburbs of Los Angeles—into

Glendale and Burbank, Eagle Rock, and Verdugo City and Pasadena.

Propelled by winds that gusted up to 100 m.p.h., the flames hedgehopped spiny ridges, leaped from tree to tree, jumped across streets from rooftop to rooftop. "It sounded like a locomotive," recalled a terrified homeowner, "like surf battering a shore, snapping, crackling and popping."

Rabbits and raccoons and skunks fled in terror from the hills into city streets. On a distant ridge, a fawn turned and walked dazedly back into the shroud of smoke. In the backyard of her demolished home, a woman wandered nude and vacant-eyed, clutching a harp. Firefighters battled the blaze stubbornly, even dipped into backyard swimming pools with portable pumps for extra water. One hysterical woman seized a fireman's coat, nearly ripped it off his back as she screamed in his car: "If there is a hell, there is a picture of it!"

When the fire was finally quenched—40 hours after it began—the flames had burned more than 11,500 acres, destroyed and damaged 30 homes and caused total losses estimated at more than \$5,000,000. That fire would be recorded in the disaster logbook alongside the 1961 Bel Air fire that wiped out 484 homes, the 1958 Malibu fire that destroyed 72 houses, and the 1938 Topanga Canyon blaze that leveled 350 homes.

Like people who live near the mouth of a volcano, the citizens in the hills of L. os Angeles County know that there is no end to disaster. Eventually the rainy season will drench the denuded hills with flash floods. Then the mesquite and chaparral will grow back on the hillsides. After that, the humidity will fall again.

And then, down over the hills will sweep the parching devil winds . . .



# THE WORLD

## SOUTHEAST ASIA

### More of the Same

#### And Hope for the Best

Once again U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was back in Washington after a fact-finding trip (this fourth) to South Viet Nam. Gist of his recommendations, duly accepted by President Johnson: More of the same and hope for the best.

The U.S. will step up aid to Saigon by \$30 million to \$40 million a year

must participate. We will not hesitate to shoot or give life imprisonment to those who have not awakened."

The Program. Khanh wants more manpower for several projects—all tall orders and all previously tried in various forms by either the French or Diem. Khanh promises to create "a highly trained guerrilla force that can beat the Viet Cong on its own ground," wants to strengthen the often timid paramilitary forces, such as hamlet militias. He has begun training a corps of civil ad-

tween its three ruling factions, the rightist forces last week accused the pro-Communist Pathet Lao of launching yet another attack. Talks were under way aimed at arranging a conference this week between the faction leaders, namely Souvanna Phouma, his half brother Pathet Lao Leader Prince Souphanouvong, and Rightist General Phoumi Nosavan. The object would be to get the Pathet Lao back into the coalition government, which in effect they quit out of fear a year ago, by guaran-



PREMIER KHANH (AT HEAD OF TABLE) & AIDES' Figuring out where to put the ink blots.

(current rate: \$500 million), will send in "limited but significant additional equipment" and provide more American combat advisers if necessary. While reporting "clear and unmistakable" evidence that the Viet Cong guerrillas are directed from Red North Viet Nam, Johnson did not follow up previous hints that the U.S. might carry the war to the north. Instead, he expressed the fervent hope that the new Premier, General Nguyen Khanh, will win the war in his own bailiwick, praised him for acting "vigorous and effectively."

It all sounded like a familiar refrain. But McNamara and his party were genuinely impressed with Khanh, returned convinced that he deserves wholehearted U.S. support. In Saigon, Khanh was at least trying to consolidate his leadership in ways big and small, and with a lot of brave talk. He dispatched his comely wife on visits to Vietnamese and American military hospitals, pleased Mekong Delta poultry farmers by halving the export tax on ducks, ordered the late President Diem's old palace converted into an arts and science museum. The little Premier also announced a tightening up of the influence-riddled draft system under which wealthy youths in Saigon have long dodged military service. "It is difficult to admit," said Khanh, "that there are two Viet Nams—one fighting in the countryside, the other in Saigon, feasting every night. In the fight against Communism, all

ministrators to rebuild war-shattered local governments. And he proposes to revive and improve Diem's strategic-hamlet program; however, instead of forcing peasants into the armed compounds, Khanh says he will make the program voluntary, and he wants to make it less passive.

The overall plan, which the U.S. terms "clear and hold," is to establish base areas, called "oil spots" or "ink blots" by Khanh, and slowly spread government influence to surrounding Viet Cong territory (see following story). McNamara is convinced that the "ink blot" program can work, although he concedes that "they do not yet know where to put all the blots."

Khanh last week also launched diplomatic moves to repair relations with his country's two neutralist neighbors, Laos and Cambodia, and, if possible, to slow the flow of Communist men and matériel that keep filtering through.

In Laos, South Viet Nam reopened its embassy in Vientiane, which it had closed in 1962 as a protest against Laotian recognition of North Viet Nam. Neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma announced that he was pleased, but he had little else to smile about. In the endless fighting that goes on in the balled-up little country be-

teering their leaders' safety in Vientiane should they choose to return. But there is faint expectation of agreement, even if the conference does materialize.

In a supreme show of gall, the Pathet Lao demanded henceforth to be cut in on U.S. aid, such as rice, which the U.S. airdrops to refugees and soldiers of the rightist and neutralist factions. Why shouldn't the pro-Communists, asked the Pathet Lao, get their fair share?

In Cambodia, a ten-member South Vietnamese delegation was on hand to try ironing out longstanding border disputes between the two countries. Cambodia's Prince Norodom ("Snookie") Sihanouk had just tried to hold similar border talks with North Viet Nam—an interesting endeavor, in view of the fact that Cambodia has no border with North Viet Nam, only South Viet Nam. Apparently rebuffed by a mystified Ho Chi Minh, Sihanouk protested that Hanoi's Reds had been "as vague as the Anglo-Saxons." But that did not necessarily make him any friendlier toward the South Vietnamese delegates.

Hardly had that delegation arrived when a serious border incident erupted. In hot pursuit of a gang of 20 Viet Cong, South Vietnamese armored cars and planes attacked the village of Chantrea four miles inside Cambodia. Sihanouk called it "savage aggression," reported that 16 Cambodians had been killed. Pleading faulty map reading, the

\* At Khanh's right: Brigadier General Huynh Van Cao, leader of last week's diplomatic mission to Cambodia.



embarrassed Saigon government admitted the intrusion, apologized, and promised indemnification. But it countered that several guerrillas had been found in the village, thus tending to confirm the well-known fact that the Viet Cong operate freely out of Cambodia. As usual, Sihanouk had some more words. Over the Phnompenh radio, he claimed that American advisers had been in on the attack—and that a Cambodian plane shot down a U.S.-made South Vietnamese spotter plane. And naturally he cabled the U.N. announcing that Cambodia would take its aggression charges to the Security Council.

All in all, it was another perfectly normal week in Southeast Asia.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### To Clear & to Hold

A term much advertised in Saigon and Washington nowadays is "clear and hold." It is the concept under which South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Khanh proposes to roll back the Viet Cong by painstakingly securing small areas, then winning over the peasants through reforms. Last week TIME Correspondent Eric Pace visited one clear-and-hold project deep in the Mekong Delta, saw what the strategy can accomplish—and the huge obstacles to its success. His report:

Joining along the dusty, crushed-rock ribbon of road behind the wheel of a green Ford pickup truck, Hatcher M. James Jr., 41, an American AID officer in Dinh Tuong province, surveyed with satisfaction the peasants on either side peacefully tilling fields of green beans, tomatoes, melons. He waved at Vietnamese small fry, moon-faced boys and graceful schoolgirls in black sateen pants, who broke into excited smiles as the truck sped by and called out in English "hello hello" and "okay okay."

"Some successes are by accident," AID Man James philosophized in a



VIET CONG PRISONERS

Despite setbacks, a vow to return.



U.S. AID OFFICER JAMES (LEFT) ENTERING PHUMY  
Despite Life Savers, far from secure.

Carolina drawl. "Well, this represents a planned success."

**Past Terror.** Only weeks before, one traveled the road, which runs six miles from Tanhiep to the village of Phumy, in terror at all. Last November, a Viet Cong unit armed with mortars had occupied Phumy, evidently emboldened by the confusion that followed the coup against President Ngo Dinh Diem. To intimidate the people, the Reds smashed the marketplace, assassinated two village councilmen and a health worker, used the crucifix of a church for target practice.

Phumy was soon isolated. Merchants closed shop; 130 tons of processed rice piled up at the village mill for lack of transport. Viet Cong cadres took over the schools, charged taxes—500 piasters on each of Phumy's thatch-roofed houses, plus eleven pounds of rice from each family per month. They also erected a 15-ft.-high concrete monument to Communism at the village gate.

**Fresh Water.** In January, the military junta that preceded Khanh moved to retake the area. A massive force of 600 troops, backed by a dozen armored personnel carriers, pushed into Phumy against only sporadic fire. Surprisingly, a mere 18 hard-core Viet Cong troops held the village, and they withdrew, expecting the army to stay only a few days. Behind the soldiers, however, came a team of civilian officials and American AID men, who plunged into an ambitious recovery program.

The road was patched and made the linchpin of a hold area extending for more than a mile on either side. In Phumy itself, U.S. Army medics opened health stations, government teachers repossessed the schools, workers began slapping a new aluminum roof on the market. With a donated U.S.-made drill, the government began sinking fresh-water wells (traditionally, the peasants have trapped rain water in great earthenware crocks, or drawn wa-

ter from filthy canals). Inhabitants flocked back to the village in droves, and within a week the streets swarmed with mobs of children, eagerly accepting Life Savers from U.S. advisers and schoolbooks distributed by the province chief. With the Khanh takeover, things brightened further: the Viet Cong monument has been repainted as a government monument, and walls have been plastered with propaganda slogans, including a poem: "I am a girl of the countryside. If you follow the Viet Cong, I will never love you."

**Lurking Fear.** The civic-action program to date has cost a half-million piasters (\$70,000), big money by Vietnamese standards. But Phumy is far from secure. In the sun-baked flats and clumps of jungle outside the main towns, the Viet Cong still control 70% of the province. In Phumy and elsewhere, the Reds have their agents. Soldiers with fixed bayonets guard the new water wells to keep them from being poisoned. For all their appreciation, Phumy's citizens remain understandably timorous; they remember what the Viet Cong warned on pulling out: that "when we return" villagers would be treated in accord with how much they cooperated with the government.

The government has so far kept the Reds from returning by keeping an outside force, composed of one infantry battalion, a Ranger unit, and a company of engineers, pinned down in the area. A few weeks ago, the troops beat off two Viet Cong companies that attacked a hamlet west of Phumy and burned down several houses, leaving 400 peasants homeless. Government officials concede that the Communist guerrillas could overrun Phumy again should they mount enough strength. All the government can vow—and what it does vow—is to make any such onslaught extremely expensive for the Reds, and ultimately to drive them out again.



QUEEN SIRIKIT & KING BHUMIBOL AT CREMATION

*Acrid stories amid the smoke.*

## THAILAND

### Sarit's Legacy

Ever since Thailand's tough Premier Sarit Thanarat died last December of a variety of ailments aggravated by hard work and high living, his body has rested in a fetal position inside a pagoda-shaped golden urn. Last week, at the end of the 100-day mourning period, Sarit's remains were cremated in an elaborate ceremony attended by King Bhumibol, Queen Sirikit, the government, the diplomatic corps, as well as a spike-helmeted funeral band and contingents of umbrella-carrying Buddhist priests. Sarit will be remembered as one of the few leaders in Southeast Asia who managed to build a firm, anti-Communist regime; but even as the smoke of his funeral drifted over Bangkok, the press was busy kindling acrid stories about his financial dealings and his personal life.

The rumors began last month when Sarit's eldest son, army Major Setha Thanarat, demanded that the courts appoint him executor of his father's estate. Setha charged that his stepmother, thirtyish, comely Thanpuying Vichitra Thanarat, had deliberately underestimated Sarit's assets at \$650,000, and had hidden away for her own use millions of dollars in cash, jewelry and land deeds. The press, which Sarit had kept in tight check throughout his reign, gleefully dug through the records and discovered that Sarit had owned or held an interest in a trust company, a brewery, 51 automobiles, and some 30 pieces of land, most of which he had doled out to a score or more of "minor wives." The extent of Sarit's amorous activities astounded even philanderophile Thais. So far, the papers have published the names of 100 women who claim to have shared Sarit's pillow and thus hope to win a share of his estate.

The stories have embarrassed the government of Sarit's successor and old

crony, General Thanom Kittakachorn, who appointed a five-man committee to investigate the charges. Critics claim that Sarit siphoned \$12 million out of the earnings of the national lottery and channeled it into pseudonymous bank accounts. No one denies that the money disappeared, but there is no evidence so far that Sarit used the bulk of the funds for himself. His "unorthodox way of handling finances," say his defenders, was caused by the fact that the slow National Assembly often delayed budgetary requests; as a result Sarit used the secreted funds for pet economic projects, intelligence operations, and various political moves he wanted accomplished in a hurry.

## INDIA

### Vacuum of Leadership

In Jawaharlal Nehru's home state of Uttar Pradesh, the legislative assembly was in turmoil. A member had just reported that a religious ascetic had performed a temple rite to the Hindu goddess of destruction, Durga, in order to take Nehru's life by magic. In New Delhi, a Socialist deputy was hooted down in the Lok Sabha (lower house of Parliament) by angry Congress Party members for asking: "Is it democratic for an ailing Prime Minister with a shaky, inaudible voice and trembling feet to reply to questions?" Through the uproar, a waxen, drowsy figure sat hunched over on the front row of the horseshoe-shaped chamber; about the only thing reminiscent of the dynamic Nehru of old was the red rose in his white tunic.

Stung by demands that the ailing Prime Minister resign or name a deputy with authority to act as head of the government, Nehru's official family launched a campaign to show that India's evident leadership vacuum does not really exist. Nehru's daughter and

chief political troubleshooter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, claimed that her father had "fully recovered" from the stroke he suffered Jan. 7 and that, at 74, "he is much better than he was six months before the illness." Health Minister Sushila Nayar (who was Mahatma Gandhi's physician) said that Nehru "is in fact his old self, but has been advised not to go back to his breakneck pace of work."

Nehru's pace is far from what it used to be. On doctors' orders, government business occupies him for four hours a day at most. Visitors are limited to 20 minutes, and friends report that after a few moments his attention seems to wander. To prevent Nehru's blood pressure from rising, physicians have prescribed a heavy dose of tranquilizers, which makes him sleepy.

The struggle over the succession continues. Leftists, led by the discredited Krishna Menon, still hope to boost Daughter Indira into power, but she may well settle for taking over her father's second job as External Affairs Minister. At the moment, a trio of right-leaning moderates are in control: Home Minister G. L. Nanda, Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari, and Minister without Portfolio Lal Bahadur Shastri.

Of the three, Shastri, 59, a vegetarian and teetotaler who rose through Congress Party ranks to become one of Nehru's most dependable lieutenants, has the best chance of becoming Deputy Prime Minister. He is an honest, inoffensive politician with the smallest number of political enemies. Nehru will probably cling to the title of Prime Minister, but it was Shastri whom he summoned after his illness with the plea: "Please help me. You will have to carry on my work."



WIDOW VICHITRA THANARAT



NEHRU AFTER STROKE  
*Faint shadows of the past.*

## CYPRUS

### Here Come the Van Dooos

The U.N.'s acting commander, Brazil's tiny Major General Carlos Flores Paiva Chaves boomed, "*Soyez les bienvenus!*" The French welcome was appropriate, for it was addressed to men of Canada's Royal 22nd Regiment, which is about 98% French-speaking. Canada's advance party took off from Ontario while the Security Council was still debating the formation of the United Nations peace-keeping force in Cyprus—which will unfortunately be known as U.N.F.I.C.Y.P.—and it landed in Nicosia far ahead of contingents also due from Brazil, Sweden, Ireland, Austria and Finland. There was reason to hurry, because it almost seemed as if the island's 500,000 Greeks and the government of Archbishop Makarios were trying to subdue the 100,000 Turkish minority before the U.N. takes control.

**Baptiste the Goat.** The Canadians swiftly got to work behind man-high barricades of barbed wire. Machine guns were mounted on Ferret armored cars, and the "Van Dooos" (a corruption of Royal Vingt-Deuxième Régiment) organized themselves into platoons and companies as more and more troop-laden planes dropped out of the Mediterranean sky. Mess Sergeant Romeo Saulnier, bent over the first three stoves set up, said, "I've got orders to cook supper for 400 men tonight, lunch for 600 tomorrow, and for 800 next day."

The Van Doo Regiment was born in World War I, fought savagely from Courcellette to Vimy Ridge to the blood-bath of Passchendaele. In one three-day battle, only seven officers and 118 men remained of 800, but they had taken 1,200 German prisoners. The Van Dooos have since served in Italy in World War II, and with the U.N. forces in Korea. The regimental mascot is a goat named Baptiste, named after Jean-Baptiste, patron saint of French Canada, and their marching song is *Vive la Canadienne*. The Van Dooos have been on a U.N. alert for the past three years as a "fire-brigade force ready to go anywhere," have been trained in such niceties as mob control, guerrilla operations and peace-patrol techniques, and carry such special equipment as wooden batons and steel mesh shields as protection against stone-throwing demonstrators.

Canada's top military representative on Cyprus will be Colonel Edward Amy, 45, a tank officer with a brilliant war record, who says: "We are here as impartial neutrals to do our job as directed by the United Nations."

**Nasty Brawl.** Unfortunately, the Van Dooos will not become fully operational until the U.N. "terms of reference" are hammered out and other national troop contingents arrive. So when trouble exploded last week at the Turkish Cypriot village of Ghaziveran on the north coast, it was the British who had again to march into the breach. Ghaziveran was a particularly nasty little brawl: the villagers, fearing a Greek Cypriot attack,

had built roadblocks outside of town. Hundreds of Greek Cypriot "regulars" surrounded them and demanded removal of the roadblocks. When the villagers obeyed, the Greeks demanded the surrender of all arms. The villagers refused, and the assault began.

It was finally ended by the British and by negotiators heliported in from Nicosia, but nine were dead and six seriously wounded. There were brief cease-fires during the battle as convoys of foreign newsmen and photographers galloped from one side to the other, and back, waving white handkerchiefs. On the sidelines, Turkey still threatened to intervene if the massacre of its compatriots did not cease, and in Ankara, Parliament unanimously gave Premier Ismet Inonu authority to land troops on Cyprus whenever he thought it necessary.

The big trouble facing the U.N. forces in Cyprus is the differing interpretation

## EAST GERMANY

### Silencing a Socrates

Chemist Robert Havemann is a tortured German intellectual who embraced Communism before 1933 as a way to oppose Nazism. Then a top-flight scientist at Berlin's famed Kaiser-Wilhelm (now Max Planck) Institute, he was saved from a Nazi death sentence when the German army argued that he could be more useful with his head on than off. As a result, he did chemical research for the Wehrmacht during World War II while locked up in Brandenburg Prison. After the war Communist Havemann became one of East Germany's star scholars, won the Patriotic Order of Merit from Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht.

Last week Prizewinner Havemann, 54, was still describing himself as a "true Marxist." But for preaching some un-



HERETIC HAVEMANN LECTURING TO HUMBOLDT UNIVERSITY STUDENTS  
Freedom is more than staying out of jail.

of their mission. The Turks see the U.N. presence as a means to protect them from the Greeks and to enforce the status quo, including the constitution (in effect abrogated by Makarios) that gives the Turks considerable veto powers over Cypriot affairs. The Greeks, on the other hand, expect the U.N. to co-operate with Makarios in putting down Turkish rebels and "irregulars." What about the Greek irregulars? Theoretically, they no longer exist, since Makarios has incorporated them in his army and police as unpaid volunteers.

London and Washington last week were in what was described as a "state of suspended animation," pending the appointment of a mediator by Secretary-General U. Thant. Turkey had turned down Guatemala's José Rolz-Bennett, and now, as one U.S. official put it, "the ball is back in the hands of the Secretary-General." At week's end, U. Thant had found no one to whom he could pass the ball—or buck.

Marxist notions, he was abruptly silenced, faced with expulsion from the East German Communist Party, and denounced as a "Socrates who spoils our youth."

**Educated to Lie.** Havemann's heresy was obviously inspired by the liberalized intellectual climate that has spread through Eastern Europe, with the notable exception of Stalinist East Germany. Defying Ulbricht's regime, Havemann spoke out in a recent lecture series to students at East Berlin's Humboldt University on the explosive subject of freedom and morality. Under Stalinism, he declared, man is "educated to hypocrisy and dishonesty" by a police state that kills thought. "All this we must change completely." When dogma blocks the free exchange of ideas, he said, it "creates the conditions for a disastrous development" by blocking social progress. But then, "reactionary regimes have always striven to keep their people stupid."

Prisons, scoffed Havemann, are "the university of crime," and the death penalty (abolished in West Germany) "is upheld only so that people can kill their political opponents." He laughed off the party's "pitiful" distortion of Hegel's dictum that freedom is the acceptance of necessity. Said Havemann: "One cannot attain freedom by doing 'voluntarily' what one must do in order to stay out of jail." As for capitalism, Havemann said that new traits make it "by no means all negative," and called for comparable Communist freedom to encourage "dissatisfaction with things as they are."

**Preaching Subversion.** Young Communist intellectuals flocked to hear the daring professor. When Havemann boldly repeated his subversive opinions to a West German reporter, adding that

when a magazine staged a race between a sedan chair and a sports car, the sedan chair won. Last week, after a 24-year study, the Tories announced a mammoth project to be started within ten years and designed to ease the stragulating conditions in southeast England.

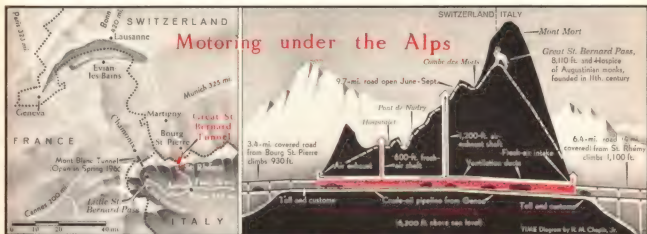
**Counter magnets.** Described as "the biggest planning project in the free world," the scheme takes in the area stretching from Lyme Regis on the English Channel to The Wash, an inlet on the North Sea. Though this area accounts for only 17% of Britain's land surface, it contains 18 million people, or one-third the island's population. The government proposes building three new cities for up to 250,000 people in this area. In addition, two new developments, each holding 100,000, are planned and 16 existing towns will be expanded to

## EUROPE

### Easier than Hannibal

For centuries, the Great St. Bernard Pass was the most popular gateway through the Alpine rampart separating southern and northern Europe. Up its tortuous trails from the Rhone valley climbed tumultuous hordes of Gauls and Germans to sweep down on Italy. And this way, says legend, came Carthagini-an Hannibal and his elephants. Climbing the other way, from the beautiful Val d'Aosta, came Caesar's Roman legions intent on conquering tripartite Gaul and planting the legionary eagles on the banks of the Rhine. Nineteen hundred years later, after crushing the Austrians at Marengo, Napoleon and his grenadiers retraced Caesar's path.

Where armies went, peaceful travel-



"most Communist officials think as I do," the party's Central Committee condemned him as one of "those intellectuals who lay rotten eggs in the party's nest." But instead of denouncing him, the Humboldt University Communist Party cell voted to back Havemann. Finally, the government was forced into the embarrassing position of firing its eminent scholar. The regime dismissed the outspoken Havemann as a "degenerate thinker"—a favorite Nazi charge used for silencing dangerous opposition.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Planned Migration

For years Britain has been growing lopsided. As lingering depression shuttered the mills and shipyards of Scotland and the industrial north, hundreds of thousands of workers and their families drifted into southeast England. New industries sprang up, and a blotchy urban sprawl transformed the home counties surrounding London into Post John Betjeman's "dear old, bloody old England of telephone poles and tin." Greater London is being choked by its population explosion; its birth rate is six times that of the rest of the country. Traffic is so congested in the city that

absorb population increases of 30,000 people.

The new towns are to serve as counter magnets to London, to draw businesses from the capital, as well as white-collar workers tired of ever-lengthening commuter travel between London and its "dormer" suburbs. The new communities are to be self-contained, with living, working and playing space close together and hence little need for commuting.

**Company Wives.** Amid general applause for the plan, critics pointed to the 19 "new towns" built earlier throughout Britain, which were supposed to be "an essay in civilization, the means for a happy and gracious way of life." Nearly 550,000 people have already been moved out of urban centers to these garden cities, but many have complained about "loneliness and lack of neighborliness."

While making more room for more people in the southeast, the government hopes also to slow the population drift there—and to prevent the increasing division of the country—by continuing to pressure industries to move north. In the past, this system has not worked too well; many industries have rescinded decisions to move when executives, often prodded by their wives, rebelled rather than leave the social and leisure advantages of London.

ers and brigands followed. In summer, crossing the pass was exhausting and dangerous. In winter, only the very skilled or very lucky escaped death in the snow-choked heights, where temperatures dropped to 22° below zero. St. Bernard of Menthon, in the 11th century, founded his famed hospice to offer aid and shelter to weary travelers; only rarely, nowadays, do the monks and their St. Bernard dogs go out in search of lost souls, although some poor Italian emigrants and occasional smugglers may risk their lives after September, when the pass is closed to motor traffic. But one day last week, motorists drove right through the mountain.

After six years of labor by 500 men, and at a cost of 17 lives and \$35 million, a two-lane tunnel has been driven 3.6 miles through the rock. On the Swiss side, a 3.4-mile covered access road is lifted to the tunnel mouth by graceful concrete pylons. On the Italian side, another such road, pyloned and covered (for protection against snow and landslides) moves 6.4 miles in graceful hairpin turns down to St. Rhemy. Motorists have the impression of driving along an enormous veranda with breath-taking views of the Aosta valley, 1,000 ft. below.

At the tunnel entrance, Swiss and Italian formalities are handled in a sin-



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## On the nation's biggest petroleum products pipeline



## giant Westinghouse motors will pump 27 million gallons a day

Twenty-eight Westinghouse motors of 5,000 horsepower each will drive the pumps at 15 stations along the 1,600-mile Colonial Pipeline system, largest single privately financed project in U. S. history.

The completed system, including 1,000 miles of lateral lines along the way, will

deliver refined petroleum products from Houston to the New York harbor area.

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needs of a city the size of Washington, D.C.: 1 billion kilowatt-hours per year.

Organized by nine oil companies—Gulf, Cities Service, Texaco, Sinclair, Continental, Socal, Mobil, American, Phillips and Pure Oil—the Colonial Pipeline will cost approximately \$100 million.

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gle customs office, and drivers pay the fares, ranging from 90¢ for a motorbike to \$18 for a bus. The neon-lit tunnel, 14 ft. 9 in. high, rides over a pipeline that brings oil from Genoa to a Swiss refinery at Collombey. The new St. Bernard, which will be formally inaugurated by the presidents of Italy and Switzerland in June, is the world's longest auto tunnel. But not for long. The Mt. Blanc tunnel of over seven miles from France to Italy will surpass it when it opens for business next year.

## LUXEMBOURG

### The Golden Rose

When Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg returned from exile to her tiny liberated country after World War II, she was greeted with unpretentious affection by her subjects. "Madame," said her Prime Minister simply, "we love you."

Charlotte became Grand Duchess in 1919 after her elder sister, Marie-Adélaïde, was forced to abdicate for her pro-German sentiments during World War I. Charlotte quickly indicated her own, very different feelings by reviewing U.S. troops with General Pershing at her side; ever since, she has been on the friendliest terms with the U.S. Among her 320,000 people, she lived quietly with her husband, Prince Félix of Bourbon-Parma, a descendant of Louis XIV, and her six children. Charlotte's favorite pastime was growing roses, and the Vatican awarded her a Golden Rose as a symbol of her devotion to her faith.

In recent years, the Grand Duchess has been delegating most of her duties (mainly ceremonial), to her oldest son, Prince Jean, 43, who is married to the sister of Belgium's King Baudouin. Last week, at 68, Charlotte announced to her government ministers that she would abdicate in Jean's favor. "Workers can retire at 65," Charlotte said, "so why shouldn't I?"



GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE  
Retirement for a regal worker.

## THE CONGO

### An Attempt to Go Back

*Cha cha cha. Spaak Papa.  
Welcome like in good old day.  
Cha cha cha. Spaak Papa.  
Making Congo-Belgian unity.*

A crowd of swinging, singing diplomats and politicians filled Leopoldville's Manhattan Bar last week as the Congo's famed O.K. Jazz Band serenaded the honored guest with its improvised *Spaak Cha Cha*. As the first member of the Belgian government to visit the Congo since his country prematurely and disastrously thrust its former colony into independence, Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak might have expected far harsher words of welcome.

But after four years of chaos, mutiny and massacre, the Belgians and Congolese are making moves to get together again. With the United Nations' peace-keeping force due to pull out in three months, Premier Cyrille Adoula's shaky government needs all the help it can get. And with 60,000 Belgians still living and working in the Congo (compared with 100,000 before independence), Brussels is eager to re-establish political and military influence.

**The Big Portfolio.** The major obstacle has been the *contentieux*—a number of financial and legal bones of contention left over from the Belgian colonial administration. First on the list was the Congo's preindependence debt of \$920 million. Brussels, which had backed \$240 million of the debt, was willing to honor its share but insisted that the Congolese help pay the rest.

Then came the question of who owned the ex-colonial government's bulging stock portfolio. In return for mining, forestry and transport concessions, Congo-based private companies had paid the colony in stock. As a result, the colonial government controlled nearly 20% of Katanga's wealthy Union Minière, had control of diamond mines in Kasai province and hundreds of smaller concerns. At independence, the portfolio was worth more than \$700 million; it has since skidded to less than half that value. More than any other economic factor, the desire to keep control of Union Minière and related properties prompted Belgium's tacit backing of the Katanga secession under Moïse Tshombe, which was eventually crushed by the U.N. Early last year, the Belgians turned away from Tshombe and accepted the U.N.'s demand for a united Congo.

**A Dash of Sweetener.** Last August negotiations over the *contentieux* broke down, and Congolese Premier Cyrille Adoula flew home from Brussels in a jet-propelled snit. His mood was not improved when the Belgians, three months later, failed in a move to ease him out of office. Papa Spaak's visit last week was aimed at renewing the negotiations. Long a friend of Adoula's central government, Spaak had opposed the Belgian conservatives who backed Katanga's secession.



SPAAK (WITH SPECTACLES) & CONGOLESE  
Anything to get out of the mess.

After four days of secret sessions, the two men emerged beaming. "The *contentieux* are now behind us," Adoula announced. Spaak had recognized the Congolese government's claim to the stock portfolio but left vague the question of its future management. On the question of the public debt, Adoula agreed to pay; Spaak offered a sweetener of \$20 million in commercial credit to Adoula's near-bankrupt government, plus another \$3.6 million for development of a Congolese cotton industry.

**Watchers in the Shadows.** Even more important from the Belgian standpoint was Adoula's agreement to permit 150 Belgian officers in the Congo's once mutinous 35,000-man army. Also authorized by Adoula was an infusion of judges and executives to strengthen the Congo's struggling judiciary and civil service. As one Congolese minister admitted privately: "We've had a complete failure thus far in running the country. I am ready to accept that two out of 15 ministers be Belgian just to get us out of this mess."

All this may be too little and too late. Brussels remains skeptical about the agreement. Spaak, after all, is dealing with a government whose authority scarcely extends beyond Leopoldville's suburbs: the watchers in the shadows beyond include Communist Pierre Mulele's cutthroat *Jenness* and thousands of like-minded "bushniks" and tribal factions, all only too eager to contribute to chaos. But in Leopoldville, the rapprochement was widely welcomed. A rhapsodic editorial in the government daily, *Le Progrès*, likened the Congo to a beautiful maiden who had fallen out with her handsome young lover, Belgium. "Years went by," the editorialist wrote. "Nights came, days came. But beautiful Congo never smiled. Now she is of age. She wants to go back to their life together, but as a free woman. Tomorrow, perhaps, our two hands will be clasped and together we will go down the road of life for better and for worse."

# THE HEMISPHERE

## MEXICO

### "This Is Now Being Done"

A battalion of frock-coated military-academy cadets stood ramrod straight; eight mariachi bands and two brass bands took their positions. Fifteen thousand people milled around expectantly. Across the airport roof stretched a sign etched in blue flowers: "Francia y México por la Paz del Mundo—Viva Francia." Then out of a warm, clear sky whistled the white-and-blue-trimmed Caravelle carrying Charles de Gaulle. Down the steps he lumbered, over to a red dais, and to the first crack of a 21-gun salute, France's towering (6 ft. 4 in.) President leaned low and bussed 5-ft. 9-in. President Adolfo López Mateos on both cheeks. The crowd roared its delight.

And so began the long-heralded Mexican visit of *le grand Charles*, to be followed this fall by a tour of possibly ten other Latin American countries. For those who felt that De Gaulle's primary aim was simply to play on latent anti-U.S. feelings throughout Latin America, the two leaders had quick reassurance. What Mexico seeks, said López Mateos at the airport, "is an alliance that is informal and without protocol and against no one." On Mexico's insistence, De Gaulle agreed in advance not to bait the U.S.

"*Hand in Hand.*" On the five-mile ride into Mexico City, some 200,000 people lined the streets (v. 1,500,000 who turned out for Jack and Jackie Kennedy in 1962). Standing in his black Mercedes convertible, De Gaulle was showered with vivas and confetti. Everywhere, in shop windows, in newspapers, on billboards, portraits of De Gaulle beamed back at the visitor. They ranged from thumbnail-size De Gaulles on 1,000,000 commemorative stamps to

a five-story likeness hung in Mexico City's Plaza de la Constitución.

Wearing his brigadier general's uniform and two-star kepi, De Gaulle addressed a curiously subdued crowd of 200,000 from the balcony of the National Palace—the first visiting dignitary ever accorded that honor. "Mexicans," he proclaimed, during a three-minute speech memorized in precise Spanish, "I bring to Mexico France's salute. Let us walk hand in hand." After laying a memorial wreath at Mexico City's Independence Column, De Gaulle ducked his guards and plunged into a sea of outstretched hands. At city hall, he received the keys to the city; at a joint session of the Mexican Congress, a standing ovation. His most enthusiastic reception came at Mexico's national university, where exuberant students swept aside his aides and crashed through a glass door for a closer look at the fabled visitor. Arriving early for Mass at the venerated Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, near the capital, the general was met by Mexico's primate, Archbishop Miguel Dario Miranda, who extended his crucifix for the kneeling visitor to kiss. "Do it again!" cried slow-starting photographers; to their amazement, De Gaulle did, with a scowl.

"Beneficial Contacts." Everywhere De Gaulle spoke, he made the same flattering appeal: "Special understandings should be established between your country, a vital part of Latin America, and my own, essential to Europe but at the same time extending its influence and activity both to Africa and Asia." Hailing Latin America's "appearance in the foreground of world affairs," he said that the policies of the two countries should be "attuned." "France," he intoned, "has learned to know you. But never yet has France as such paid you



DE GAULLE KISSING CRUCIFIX  
An informal alliance.

an official visit. This is now being done." In their final communiqué, De Gaulle and López Mateos announced that a joint committee will explore ways for France and Mexico to work more closely and expand their trade. Right now 60% to 70% of Mexico's trade is with the U.S., only 3.5% with France; nor is Franco-Mexican trade likely to increase much, since Mexico's big need is for capital goods, which it can readily buy in the U.S. with U.S. credits.

Publicly, López Mateos welcomed the "mutual and beneficial contacts between Europe and Latin America" that De Gaulle's trip heralds. But in private talks, López Mateos emphasized to De Gaulle his and other leaders' concern over ruinously low world market prices for the raw materials and tropical farm produce that are Latin America's livelihood. So France, which dictated the European Common Market's preferential tariffs for competing products from its former African colonies, promised to fight for international agreements to stabilize commodity prices.

"A Human Hope." After a final visit to the pre-Aztec ruins at San Juan Teotihuacán, *le grand Charles*, his pate pink from four days of sun, returned to the airport. Following a brief, cordial send-off from López Mateos, he flew off to Mérida on the Yucatán peninsula, where he discreetly changed from the prestigious Caravelle to a speedier Boeing 707. Then it was on to the French West Indies for a four-day visit.

What did Mexico gain from it all? "Inspiration," suggested one high French official, "and the knowledge that someone else understands its point of view." And France? De Gaulle's Mexican success was clearly one more proof that the world "considers France a great human hope." Said De Gaulle: "Everywhere, our country's moral, human and, consequently, in the most elevated sense of the word, its political standing, is higher than ever." Thanks in part to Mexico, which paid for all phone calls and cables filed by 72 foreign newsmen, that was probably true.



DE GAULLE & LÓPEZ MATEOS ON MOTORCADE IN MEXICO CITY  
A radiant pate and rhetoric to match.

## THE ALIANZA

### The LBJ Brand

While De Gaulle was taking Gaullism to the Mexicans and President Johnson was putting the LBJ brand on U.S. Latin American policy (see THE NATION), one of the most intensive examinations of hemisphere problems in years went on behind closed doors in Washington last week. All 17 U.S. ambassadors and 19 aid-mission officials were summoned from their posts south of the border for three days of shirt-sleeve discussions that ranged from economic and political problems of the Alliance for Progress to rising Latin American nationalism. On the third anniversary of the Alliance, diplomats accredited to the Organization of American States gathered to launch the newly coordinated Inter-American Committee of the Alliance and hear Lyndon Johnson deliver his first major Latin American policy address.

**Andes to Appalachia.** Johnson's words could hardly have been more heartening for his audience. He emphasized his determination "to meet all the commitments" of the Kennedy Administration's ten-year, \$20 billion development program for the Alliance. "We will carry forward our Alliance for Progress," the President promised the OAS ambassadors, "in such a way that men in all lands will marvel at the power of freedom to achieve the betterment of man."

Conceding that the Alliance has had "difficulties and flaws," he spoke with feeling of land and tax reforms, of education and economic progress for "every American, from the Indian of the Andes to the impoverished farmer of Appalachia." Already, said William D. Rogers, deputy coordinator of the program, the Alliance has made "substantial" advances.

**More Muscle.** While all this sounded good—as the Alianza's promises have all along—the Administration's performance in Latin American policy continued to raise questions. Word leaked that Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Mann told the U.S. ambassadors that the Administration planned to jettison as ineffective the U.S. policy of withholding diplomatic recognition and economic aid from new military regimes that take power by force. In the past three years, six Latin American governments—Argentina, Peru, Guatemala, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic and Honduras—have been overthrown by military coups. And in every case, temporary U.S. nonrecognition has proved more embarrassing to Washington than to the junta.

When Mann denied any basic policy shift, a State Department spokesman explained: "U.S. policy toward unconstitutional governments will, as in the past, be guided by the national interest and the circumstances peculiar to each situation as it arises." This approach echoed the pragmatism Mann has been preaching since he took over the Latin America job in January. But now the

tone seemed somewhat firmer in its suggestion that the Johnson Administration expects to employ greater flexibility and possibly more muscle in U.S. dealings in Latin America.

## PANAMA

### On Toward May

For weeks, a hapless OAS committee had tried to mediate the squabble between Panama and the U.S. But both sides were adamant. Panama refused to resume diplomatic relations until the U.S. promised to renegotiate the 61-year-old canal treaty; the U.S. would not consider renegotiations until relations were restored. Then, early last week, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State



JOHNSON AT OAS MEETING  
Heartening words and confusion.

Thomas Mann and Miguel J. Moreno Jr., Panamanian ambassador to the OAS, finally agreed to accept the committee's delicately worded formula for restoring relations. Next day, however, President Johnson abruptly rejected the agreement, leaving the U.S.-Panamanian impasse exactly where it was eleven weeks ago, after the bloody Canal Zone riots.

The formula itself was not what bothered Lyndon Johnson. It called for re-establishing relations "as soon as possible"; then, within 30 days after the resumption of relations, the two governments would designate special ambassadors to "carry out discussions and negotiations with the objective of reaching a fair and just agreement." But Johnson was infuriated by press and radio reports from Panama that interpreted the OAS formula as a triumph for Panamanian President Roberto F. Chiari and a specific U.S.

commitment to renegotiate the treaty.

The OAS was stunned and distressed by the turn of events. Its peacemaking committee formally tossed in the towel; only after some urging from the OAS Council did it decide to try, try again. At week's end, Johnson sent a mollifying statement to the OAS reiterating his determination to accept "any solution that is fair." If nothing comes of the gesture, the U.S. seems quite willing to wait until after Panama's May 10 elections, when passions and politics in the isthmus republic should be less heated.

## ELECTIONS

### Surprises All Over

In three Latin American nations last week, elections produced some eyebrow-raising results—two because they brought serious reverses for government parties, the other simply because it was honest.

• **CHILE:** With general elections less than six months away, a congressional election in Curicó, south of Santiago, turned the sleepy farming province into a sort of Latin New Hampshire. Campaigning as if it were the real thing were the three principal presidential candidates: Julio Durán of the right-wing Democratic Front, the coalition of President Jorge Alessandri (who cannot succeed himself); Salvador Allende of the Communist-dominated Popular Action Front; and Eduardo Frei of the left-center Christian Democrats. In 1958 Allende came breathlessly close to becoming the first avowed far-leftist to be elected President in Latin America. In Curicó, Allende's candidate for Congress won with 39% of the vote. Durán's man got only 31%, and the Christian Democrat came on strong with 27%. Indicative or not, the results sent shock waves through the Democratic Front, prompted Durán's resignation, and led to speculation that a new non-Communist coalition may be formed, with able, eloquent Christian Democrat Frei at its head.

• **COLOMBIA:** In elections to fill half of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies, an old, deposed dictator pulled off a disturbing ballot-box coup. Ex-General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 64, tough right-wing dictator from 1953 until he was overthrown in 1957, is barred by law from politics, lives in semi-exile in his backlands home. Under no such restraint, his resurgent party lambasted President Guillermo León Valencia's bipartisan government for higher income taxes, deficit spending and spiraling living costs. Rojas-backed candidates piled up 21% of the vote, to win 27 seats v. six in the last Congress. Though the ruling Liberal-Conservative front was still well in control, Rojas' rise could pose a serious threat to Colombia's six-year-old ruling coalition.

• **EL SALVADOR:** In 1961 opposition parties were thoroughly discouraged when President Julio Rivera's National Conciliation Party won all 54 seats in the



PAUL CUNHALES



EL SALVADOR'S RIVERA  
A shock for critics.

legislature. They even boycotted the presidential election the next year. A reform-minded, military man, Rivera was embarrassed, promised an honest count on the basis of proportional representation for 1964. The opposition remained skeptical but campaigned vigorously through the tiny Central American republic. When the votes were tallied, Rivera's party retained 32 Assembly seats; the Christian Democrats took 14 seats plus the mayoralty of San Salvador, while another middle-of-the-road party got six. No one was more surprised than opposition leaders themselves, who praised Rivera for "a real democratic achievement."

## BOLIVIA

### New Voice of Moderation

Bolivian politics is a game of Byzantine intrigue in which only the master of sly maneuver can hope to survive. In and out of office, the master for the past dozen years has been moderate President Victor Paz Estenssoro, 56, a pale, impassive economist whose term ends this year. After fending off successive threats from an old foe on the far left and a rising political figure on the right, Paz has now paved the way for almost certain re-election in May.

**Saved by the Wings.** The first challenge came from ambitious Juan Lechin, the leftist Vice President, who has been at loggerheads with Paz ever since they rose to power in the 1952 revolution that toppled the Andean country's feudal tin-mining aristocracy. Unable to patch up their differences at the ruling M.N.R. party convention in January, Paz had himself nominated for another term as President, while Lechin was drummed out of the party. Then Lechin called a rump convention at which he tried to rig an anti-Paz alliance of Communists and disgruntled rightists. He vowed to "work for the

liberation of the Bolivian people, who have been defrauded," but his coalition never got off the ground.

Replacing Lechin on the M.N.R. ticket stirred up an unexpected storm. Paz hand-picked lackluster Senate President Federico Fortín Sanjinés as his new running mate, thereby offending several prominent right-wing M.N.R. leaders, whose vice-presidential choice was General René Barrientos Ortuño, 44, Bolivia's crew-cut, U.S.-trained air force commander. Unmoved by their protests, Paz was all set to send Barrientos into semi-exile as ambassador to London, a classic Bolivian ploy for settling intra-party disputes. Then, late one night last month, Barrientos was mysteriously ambushed and shot. The U.S. command pilot-wings on his right chest deflected the bullet, and Barrientos was not seriously wounded. Instead, the assassination attempt made him a hero. Sniffing the wind, Paz persuaded Fortín to resign from the ticket. When Barrientos returns soon to La Paz from a Canal Zone hospital, it will be as the M.N.R.'s vice-presidential nominee.

**Castro Reconsidered.** Paz and Barrientos together could well reshape Bolivian politics. Over the past two years, while striving to put the near-bankrupt nation on a solid economic footing, Paz has drawn away from his more radical advisers. Barrientos, the only political figure since the revolution who is outspokenly anti-Communist, argues that the government should break off diplomatic relations with Cuba. If he has his way, Bolivia's decision to sever ties with Castro might lead to new consideration of such action by some or all of the other four hemisphere holdouts: Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Uruguay.

## CANADA

### Trouble on the Waterfront

In 1949, after years of ruinous, Communist-inspired waterfront strikes, Canadian labor and shipping-company leaders turned to Harold Chamberlain Banks for help. A bluff, barrel-chested San Francisco union troubleshooter who once served a San Quentin term for passing bad checks (he was later pardoned), Banks moved to Montreal and in short order managed to run the Red-infiltrated Canadian Seamen's Union right out of business.

But Iowa-born Hal Banks proved as tough a customer as the Communists he was imported to rout. As boss of the Seafarers' International Union of Canada, he rigged union elections and bullied shippers; opponents of the S.I.U. and members of rival seamen's unions were endlessly threatened, beaten and shot at. Banks ran up extravagant expense accounts, got a new white Cadillac from the union yearly. In 1960 the Canadian Labor Congress expelled the 15,000-man S.I.U. as a "hoodlum empire," set up a competing maritime union. Shrugged Banks: "I've had to fight finks and scabs and look out for my

boys. Sometimes I haven't had time to be a gentleman."

**Desk-Thumping Applause.** Last week, a board of trustees appointed by the Canadian government finally decided to oust the 54-year-old Banks, Rising in Parliament, Labor Minister Allan J. MacEachen drew desk-thumping applause when he announced: "It is not in the interests of the union, the shipping industry, Canada or the public at large that Mr. H. C. Banks remain in office." The trustees then named a temporary union president for Canada's S.I.U., and the government continued to press two separate criminal actions against Banks on charges of conspiracy to beat up union foes.

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson's administration had long delayed such a drastic step, though a S.I.U. walkout and the dynamiting of a Canadian freighter manned by a rival union last fall indicated that there would be no waterfront peace as long as Banks was in power. For the past five months, government-appointed trustees have run the S.I.U. in an effort to clean it up and get the members themselves to vote Banks out.

**"Massive Blockade?"** The government action against Banks is not likely to make sailing any smoother on the Great Lakes. While most Canadian unions supported the government, the parent S.I.U. decided to keep Banks on the payroll at \$20,000 a year. It seemed likely that trouble on the waterfront might block shipment of the \$254 million worth of grain that Canada still has to deliver to Russia. The New York-headquartered S.I.U., with some 70,000 members and A.F.L.-C.I.O. backing in the dispute, pledged "absolute support for Hal Banks," hinted at the possibility of a "massive blockade" of Canadian shipping in U.S. lake ports when the sea-way shipping season opens April 10. Said a worried Canadian official: "We expect all hell to break loose."

BURCAN CANADON—CAPITAL PRESS



S.I.U.'S HAL BANKS  
A threat for spring.

TIME, MARCH 27, 1964





## USS Special Report: the most dramatic demonstration of a fence innovation since John "Bet-a-Million" Gates' rodeo

John "Bet-a-Million" Gates was the man who broke the opposition of ranchers to barbed wire by staging one of history's most famous rodeos. He drove a herd of prime beef cattle into a barbed wire arena; they stampeded, but after one exposure to the fence shied away, and the onlooking ranchers were convinced.

The time changes to today: the scene, a race track infield where famous stunt driver Joie Chitwood stages an equally dramatic fence demonstration.

Two sections of chain-link fence have been erected, one all-aluminum, the other USS *Cyclone* Aluminum-Coated Steel fence. A driver straps himself into a 1000-pound automobile and drives it at school zone speed into the all-aluminum fence. Even at 20 mph, the car bursts through (left). Then, at the same speed, it plows into the *Cyclone* Aluminum-Coated Steel fence (right). The fence holds; not a strand breaks.

United States Steel was one of the originators

of aluminum-coated steel fence. For the first time, the extra corrosion protection of aluminum is combined with the extra strength of steel wire. Laboratory and field tests indicate that the aluminum coating lasts 3 to 5 times longer than a galvanized coating. Gauge for gauge, aluminum-coated steel fence is 50 to 90% stronger than all-aluminum fence. Heat doesn't rob it of its corrosion-resistant coating. If the aluminum coating is scratched or abraded, it heals itself.

**Result:** dollar for dollar, aluminum-coated steel fence is the best buy on the market today, and you can get it in field fence and barbed wire as well as *Cyclone* chain-link. For full details, write U. S. Steel, 525 William Penn Place, Room 7003, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.

United States Steel is introducing an average of two new or improved products each month. Equally important, we make a habit of suggesting innovations in the use of all steel products. You can benefit from this brand of thinking by doing business with U. S. Steel... where the big idea is innovation.

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Car bursts through all-aluminum fence.



Aluminum-coated steel fence remains unbroken.





## ***What's in it for you on TWA? The right answers.***

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## PEOPLE

He had been "a good, innocent and quite timid boy." And from the age of 14, in 1896, until a year before his death in 1963, **Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli** kept a record of his thoughts and dreams on odd pieces of paper. Lovingly edited by his long-time personal secretary, Msgr. Loris Capovilla, Pope John XXIII's diary, titled *The Journal of a Soul*, was published in Rome. At 15, the Pope-to-be was already praying "more than anything else, for union with the separated churches"; at 21, as a seminarian, he mused: "Even if I were to become Pope, when I shall appear before the Divine Judge, then what am I?" But mostly, John's *Journal* is a touching composite of a humble, gentle man never satisfied, ever seeking. Despite the book's hefty \$8 price tag, it is ringing up brisk sales.

Her late husband designed and built the first one in 1911, and that gave the Vintage Chevrolet Club of America a bright, if belated, idea. They would bestow honorary membership on **Suzanne Chevrolet**, 75. Off chugged the members to her home near Detroit, with a vintage 1915 Chevy in tow. The automaker's widow graciously climbed behind the wheel, chatted about Swiss-born Louis Chevrolet. And which model does she drive today? "A Mercury," she replied. "They gave me a better deal."

Mostly, she lies around sopping up sun in a bracelet or maybe some sunglasses. And occasionally she even slips into a minuscule peekini swim suit. It's just that buff looks best on **Brigitte Bardot**, 29. But when a cameraman dropped in by invitation at her rented beach house near Rio, Brigitte pulled on a striped T shirt, tight and faded blue jeans and above-the-knee boots, just the



THE BURTONS  
Hush-hush, rush-rush.

getup for a tropical beach scene. And the result was practically chichi. Her two-month seclusion with Playboy-friend Bob Zagury seems to have agreed with her. She's put on a little weight, is golden brown, and looks relaxed and natural even when not *au naturel*. "I'm much better this way," coos BB. *Si, si*, agree 77 million Brazilians.

"Women should be obscene and not heard." That's the sort of word play that Beatle **John Lennon**, 23, dotes on, and since he writes it down, Simon and Schuster decided to publish it. Come April 20, *In His Own Write* will go on sale for \$2.50. Excerpted in last week's *Satevepost*, Lennon's "graphospasms" were even hairier than the songs he helps write. "Little did he nose," writes Lennon "that the next day a true story would actually happen." He peoples his retelling of *Treasure Island* with Large John Saliver, Small Jack Hawkins, Blind Jew, Cpt. Smellit and Sten Gunn. "As far as I'm conceived," he says on the book jacket, "this correction of short writry is the most wonderfoul larf I've ever ready." A larf all the whee to Barclays', no date.

The spout was on. "Don't call me **Cassius Clay**, I am Muhammad Ali, the heavyweight champion of the whole world." But for once, whatever-his-name-is conceded his limitations. "The Army's the boss," he said sagely after hearing that careful double-checking had confirmed he was not intelligent enough to be drafted. Still, now that there was no prospect of his becoming Private Ali, canny Cassius must have been secretly crowing: "I am the dumbest! Heh, heh!"

At long last, **Elizabeth Rosamond Taylor** Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher took on the Burton. After 24 months as the world's most famous lovers, the seemingly (or unseemingly) inseparable couple made it legal in Montreal at a

Unitarian ceremony attended only by eleven of their dearest employees. It was a hush-hush, rush-rush affair, for which they secretly flew up from Toronto—where Dick is doing *Hamlet*—in a chartered Viscount. By 2:20 that afternoon, here came the bride, all dressed in yellow chiffon, topped by a nuptial hairdo that featured a 34-in., hyacinth-entwined coil of hair. Then, slipping a circlet of diamonds on Liz's finger, he she wed. That night, said Liz, "we sat and talked and giggled and cried until 7 in the morning."

Producer **Marty Ransohoff**, 35, likes B.O. plenty. His *Beverly Hillsbillies* is a smash. But Marty's first two films, *Boys' Night Out* and *The Wheeler Dealers*, didn't snag quite as much customer coin as he had hoped. So in *The Americanization of Emily* he decided to trot in three nudes, tagged Broads 1, 2 and 3 in the script. And when the Motion Picture Association Production Code Administration refused to take the broad view and ordered some snipping, Marty sounded ardy, almost. "The code," he huffed to a reporter, "should be more mature and reflect modern morality and the market conditions of the picture business." Eh? "The market conditions of the picture business." Oh.

Midst laurels stood: **Bob Hope**, 60, appointed to the ten-member board that selects winners of the presidential Medal of Freedom, filling a vacancy left by Henry Cabot Lodge; **Rodman Rockefeller**, 31, Nelson's oldest son, given the Chilean Order of Merit (Dad got it in 1945) for being "the kind of private businessman whose contributions, energy and ideals are so badly needed for the right development of Latin America"; Columbia University's Nobel-Prizewinning Physicist Dr. **Isidor Rabi**, 65, named winner of the annual \$1,000 Joseph Priestley Memorial Award for "services to mankind through physics."



LA BARDOT  
Chichi, si, si.

# THE LAW

## LAWYERS

### Casus Belli

The Ruby trial was finally over, and Judge Joe B. Brown was relaxed and loquacious. Between puffs on his pipe, he allowed that Defense Counsel Melvin Belli was "a fine man" and "one of the most brilliant attorneys that's ever appeared in my court." Those were just about the only kind words that anyone could find to say last week about the King of Torts.

For all its vehemence, the anti-Belli criticism could scarcely match the violence of Belli's reaction to the verdict. As TV cameramen clustered around, Belli burst into a ranting tirade. He called the trial "the biggest kangaroo-court disgrace in the history of American law," charged that Judge Brown had made "some 30 errors," denounced Dallas as "a city of shame." He said

indulge in public defamation. Mr. Belli should know this. That he should so flagrantly disregard the code of professional ethics and his oath as an attorney is a discredit to him and to his profession," Belli responded by saying he would resign from the A.B.A.

Texans, predictably, mounted a strenuous counterattack. Governor John Connally called Belli's tirade against Dallas "reprehensible." Attorney General Waggoner Carr told University of Texas law students that Belli's behavior "should shock all of our bar members from coast to coast."

**Sparrow & Peacock.** By the judgment of his colleagues, Belli not only erred in his post-trial blowup; he also bungled his courtroom tactics.

One of his gravest mistakes was to underestimate his antagonist, bear-shaped District Attorney Henry Menasco Wade. Belli referred to him as a yokel and a

tion to Ruby. I learned long ago that jurors damn seldom acquit on grounds of insanity unless there is a great deal of sympathy for the defendant."

Several lawyers found fault with Belli's style. In the opinion of St. Louis Lawyer Morris Shenker, "Belli violated almost every principle of a criminal defense. This was a case that called for humbleness. It required a serene, solemn and sober defense." Added Beverly Hills Lawyer Paul Caruso: "Wade was perfect in his role. Belli was too flashy. What Ruby needed was a defense lawyer who could have matched Wade's demeanor, perhaps a small-town Texas lawyer, old-fashioned and down to earth, with suspenders instead of a velvet collar." The professional verdict on Belli's conduct of the defense was neatly encapsulated in a Texas lawyer's quip: "They found Melvin Belli guilty and gave Jack Ruby the chair."

**Anti-Everything.** Apparently unbothered by the verbal brickbats, Belli went right on talking. He professed to be wor-



BELLI (GLASSES) & FELLOW DEFENSE LAWYER



FOREMAN (SEATED) WITH RUBY'S BROTHERS & SISTER

*"This was a case that called for humbleness."*

that the jury, the selection of which had taken a full two weeks, had been "jammed down our throats." He would "stop practicing law," he said, "if we don't reverse this and make the people of Dallas ashamed of themselves."

**Coast-to-Coast Shock.** The reaction was immediate. In a speech to the American College of Trial Lawyers in Miami Beach, A.C.T.L. President Whitney North Seymour said that Belli's conduct "shocked all of us." Belli's denunciation of the judge and jury on TV, said Seymour, "cannot be allowed to pass by those responsible for maintaining the image of the American lawyer at home and abroad."

Walter E. Craig, president of the American Bar Association, rapped Belli hard in a speech to a gathering of lawyers in San Francisco. Belli's home town. The effect of Belli's "intemperate and abusive statements," said Craig, "was to question the integrity of the court and the jury. The canons of ethics provide that a lawyer having any justified grievance against a member of the judiciary should lodge that grievance with the appropriate authorities and not

hog caller. But Wade's slow twangy drawl and furrowed face camouflage a tough, sharp mind. Under Wade, says a veteran Texas trial lawyer, Dallas County has "the toughest prosecution in the state of Texas." During the trial, Wade made a sparrow-and-peacock contrast with Belli: he played the earnest, rumples country boy v. the gaudy city slicker, complete with red velvet briefcase. And Wade certainly knew that in the eyes of a Texas jury, the contrast was all in his favor.

In his unruffled and modest answers to newsmen's questions after the verdict, Wade said that Belli "put up as weak a case of psychiatric defense as I have ever seen." Asked what he would have done if he had been on the other side, Wade replied that he would not have risked all in an attempt to prove Ruby insane. "I would have tried to go for leniency," he said. Many lawyers agreed that Belli blundered in putting all the defense's eggs in the insanity basket. "If I had been in Belli's place," said District of Columbia Criminal Lawyer Myron Ehrlich, "I would have been more concerned about the jury's reac-

tion that Ruby might be murdered in jail. "Then they would make it appear a suicide and this vicious city would have him off their hands." He called Dallas "anti-Semitic, anti-science, anti-American, anti-everything," and said he wanted to "get that stinking Dallas out of my nose."

But then came the final indignity: Jack Ruby, too, turned on his defender and fired him. Ruby's brother Hyman, a Chicago salesman, explained that Belli's opinions about Dallas, the jury, Judge Brown and D.A. Wade "are not shared by Jack or any member of his family."

To replace Belli and conduct the appeal, the family chose Houston's Percy Foreman, president of the National Association of Defense Lawyers, and one of the top criminal lawyers in Texas. Like Belli, Foreman charges high fees. A prosperous Texan charged with homicide once said that he could not decide whether to call in Foreman and spend the rest of his life in the poorhouse or take his chances on a moderate sentence and keep his estate. The Ruby family claims to be out of cash, but Foreman



## the tiger and the cat

One day a tiger and a cat chanced to meet at a service station deep in the heart of the jungle. "Hey," said the cat, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before? I've got it. You look just like me!"

"In a way," said the tiger. "I've got a long tail, just like you do," said the cat. "And whiskers. And four paws. And fur. And my eyes shine in the dark." "Yes," said the tiger, "but the overall effect is somewhat different."

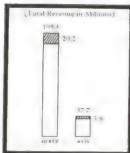
"Well, anyway," said the cat, "I'm the next best thing to you." And so the cat drove wildly away, telling the whole world that next to the tiger, he was best.

And that someday, he would grow up to be bigger and stronger than the tiger. And he always finished by saying, "And you should like me, because I'm trying so hard to catch up."

A whole year passed in this way, and the tiger and the cat chanced to meet again. The cat jumped out of his car and rushed over to the tiger. "Look," he said, flexing all four legs and his tail.

"Look at how I've grown!" "As a matter of fact," said the tiger not unkindly, "you have grown a little, but haven't you noticed? I've grown a lot!"

**MORAL: TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TIGER AND A CAT, TAKE A LOOK AT THE KITTY**



(Note: Figures obtained from 1983 annual reports. Hertz fiscal year ending December 31, 1983; Avis fiscal year ending August 31. Shaded area indicates income change from previous year.)

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is optimistic: "There is some property they will try to sell." Foreman may well be worth his fat fees. In defending some 700 persons accused of capital crimes, he has lost only one to the electric chair.

## STATUTES

### Crimes for the Times

In the hundred years since it was drafted, New York State's penal code has been subjected to haphazard amendment, but not until a state commission started the job 2½ years ago did anyone try to renovate the entire collection of statutes. Reorganized and rewritten in clear English, the commission's proposed code was delivered to the legislature last week. In whatever form it is finally passed, its most important contribution is likely to be its redefinition of crimes. Examples:

- **MURDER:** The distinction between first- and second-degree murder, which depends upon whether the murderer killed with "premeditation and deliberation," has been eliminated. Under the current code, says the commission, "a defendant's life frequently hangs upon a jury's decision concerning a highly technical issue." Under the revised code, there is only one degree of murder; mitigating circumstances would affect the sentence, not the charge.

- **KIDNAPING:** So broadly worded is the New York law, that a robber who compels a victim to move from one room to another can be charged with kidnaping; so can a parent in a broken family who takes a child from its authorized custodian. In the revised code, the crime would not be kidnaping unless it involved "holding for ransom or some other purpose usually associated with kidnaping."

- **BURGLARY:** The traditional element of "breaking" is discarded from the definition. It is clearly burglary, under the proposed revision, even if a burglar enters through an open door.

The commission suggested that some practices, including adultery and homosexual relations between consenting adults, no longer be counted as criminal offenses. But the proposed code contains several new offenses not now recognized as crimes in New York. Among them:

- **CRIMINAL SOLICITATION:** Unsuccessfully trying to induce someone to commit a crime.

- **RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT:** Conduct that does not result in death or physical injury but creates a grave danger.

- **PROMISSORY FRAUD:** A swindle in which the culprit made or implied a false promise of future action, but cannot be convicted of any crime under existing law, because he did not lie about present facts.

- **CRIMINAL TRESPASS:** Unlawful entry without provable intent to commit any other crime. The revision would, for example, make possible the conviction of a suspect caught prowling in a house with no stolen property in his possession.

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cigarette to taste. That's right!



# MUSIC

## OPERA

### Faustian Scandal in Paris

The most successful Parisian theater scandals need as much care and planning as the most successful general strikes. The opening-night audience must arrive at the Paris Opéra knowing just how furious it will soon become; how else would everyone be sure to bring rotten eggs and carrots under his coat? The Paris press seemed to be coaxing up a fine rumble shortly after the first rehearsal of Maurice Béjart's new production of Berlioz' *The Damnation of Faust*. HOW BÉJART WILL UNDRESS MARGUERITE, promised one headline; FAUST IS A PEEPING TOM, declared another. It was no surprise that Paris greeted one of the freshest and most imaginative productions that the Opéra has had in years with the most furious scandal since Wagner brought *Tannhäuser* to town in 1861.

**Perverse Roses.** From the first lurid hint that Béjart's *Faust* was a little special, everyone hoped for the worst. Béjart, 37, has a well-burnished reputation as an *enfant terrible* director of theater, ballet and opera. His talent for welding all three together into erotic iconoclastic visions of such works as *The Merry Widow* and *The Tales of Hoffmann* has made his name a café cliché: "style Béjart" means art that is mercilessly frank.

But what Béjart did to *Faust* was something else again. Suppressing his chronic urge to spoon a little *musique concrète* into the score (out of veneration for Berlioz), Béjart saved himself for the "illustrations"—as he calls his scenes and dance sequences. Gargoyles dance a twist to parody the Last Sup-



WOODY & SIDEMEN IN CONCERT  
After resuscitation, a swim upstream.

per, and the "sons of the Danube" show up in SS uniforms. The *corps de ballet* wear costumes that come close to perfection in their imitation of nudity, and their dances have an angular brutality. Faust appears as the prisoner of a giant glob of seaweed, suspended above the stage in a play of lights that have the harsh glare of misery. Mephistopheles is a sexual chameleon—a lover of "perverse roses," a force of violent poetry.

**Social Drama.** Under the sweep of Béjart's bizarre and dark imagination, the sum of such tricks was a triumph. A dusty and innocuous opera became a modern social drama—and such events are just what the Paris Opéra needs to improve on its present status as the place across the street from American Express. But Béjart was booed as well as cheered by his audience, and the papers barely let him get out of town before they began their battle: "Paroxysms of vulgarity," "A universe of fantasy and poetry," SHOULD BÉJART BE BURNED? said one headline. Back home in Brussels, Béjart announced that he would put opera aside for the time being and concentrate on ballet.

Herd" that Herman organized during World War II could have matched it. The aggregation speaks in a shout (as a good band should), and the rhythm section that propels it—Bassist Chuck Andrus, Drummer Jake Hanna and Pianist Nat Pierce—has enough drive and distinction to make three-quarters of an excellent quartet. All 15 players are occasional soloists, and Woody, at 50, yields to their youth. "I just duck and get out of the way," he says.

► Lionel Hampton, 50, has always been the clown prince of jazz, and he still fronts his band tirelessly. His thesis, he says, is that a good band doesn't have to be dull. To prove it, he likes to leap up on a drum and stomp with both feet. His band is by far the least disciplined in jazz, and as a result his sidemen feel free to swing privately. Sometimes the players seem to be digging their own private scene, but on a good night they stir up a roomful of creative excitement. Hamp's arrangements are the raunchiest in the business, but when the band plays *Flyin' Home*, its audience seems content to forget all that jazz about jazz being an art.

► Maynard Ferguson, 35, plays the most complex and modern arrangements of any big band since Kenton's, though Ferguson sometimes swamps his sidemen with his outer-space approach to the trumpet. Every so often, like Kirk Douglas in *Young Man with a Horn*, he gets up and tries for the groovy sound of an ambulance siren. But most of the time the boys roll along smoothly in spite of him.

Last week Ferguson and his boys were back from a four-week tour of 24 campuses. Hamp was at Manhattan's Café Metropole, where the band is strung out behind the bar like a police line-up. Woody and his men were trudging through the sticks playing just the kind of one-nighters that build character and make big bands dear to novelists: Columbus, Neb., to Grand Island, Neb.; Grand Island to Fort Riley, Kans.; Fort Riley to Pryor, Okla.

## JAZZ

### Big-Band Renaissance

Even at their happy best, big jazz bands evoke a sorrowful mood. They can't help it. They are spectacles of the past, like circuses or dirigibles, and no matter how good they are, their fans usually go home reminiscing about how great they used to be. The big bands began to slip with the death of swing in the early '40s; they grew even more obscure during rock 'n' roll's heyday. Many collapsed—Stan Kenton jumped ship again last year—but those that have survived now seem to be gaining some of their old popularity. Despite the melancholy effort of swimming upstream against history, they are managing a modest renaissance.

► Woody Herman's resuscitated band is so good that not even the great "First



DANCERS IN BÉJART'S "FAUST"  
Under a glob of seaweed.

# ***The "fast-growing"***



## Says Business Week:

"THE Deep South carried off the honors as the fastest-growing region in the nation. Next year (1964) . . . the Deep South doubtless will be out in front again."

DECEMBER 28, 1963



## Says Printers' Ink:

"THE South Atlantic region . . . is exhibiting a vigorous economic growth. By the end of September, 1963, the region's industrial production index rose to 142.8, compared to the national index of 126.3."

DECEMBER 20, 1963

# *South* (says who) ?



## Says U. S. Department of Commerce:

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DECEMBER, 1963

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PRESIDENT

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# THE PRESS

## NEWSPAPERS

### How to Retire in Santa Barbara

At 72, Robert McLean, publisher of the Philadelphia Bulletin, plans to spend more and more time in California. Not that McLean is thinking of retiring; he has just paid out some \$8,000,000 to buy the Santa Barbara News-Press (circ. 35,000) from its longtime owner, Thomas More Storke, 87.

From Jan. 1, 1901, when Tom Storke began publishing in Santa Barbara on the strength of a \$2,000 loan, he held to his faith that the paper would prosper through "advancement of local interests." Over the years as Storke bought or merged with the competing local papers, the News-Press became Santa Barbara's one voice, and the boss became the town's benevolent despot.

**No Dynasty.** More often than not in recent years, News-Press editorials have championed Storke's own unpredictable, irascible opinions. When California's controversial School Superintendent Max Rafferty was attacking the *Dictionary of American Slang*, the News-

Los Angeles Herald only to be squeezed out a few months later by the panic of 1873, wrote signed editorial columns for the Santa Barbara paper until his death in 1936. Storke's son Charles, now 52, joined the News-Press in 1932, and he was clearly heir apparent. (Another son has been a lifelong invalid.) But Charles got impatient; the old man simply refused to retire. Besides, Charles's wife was bitterly opposed to all suggestions that their own son work on the paper. In 1959, Charles quit the News-Press for good and moved his family to Mexico City.

**No Absentee Owners.** As the only daily in a burgeoning town, the News-Press had no lack of hopeful buyers. The Ridder chain, the Los Angeles Times, British Press Lord Roy Thomson were all said to have made bids. McLean overcame Storke's objection to absentee ownership by purchasing the paper for himself, not for the Philadelphia Bulletin Co. He also promised to live in Santa Barbara part of each year, and he has already moved his nephew Stuart Symington Taylor, 50, a cousin of the Missouri Senator, from his job as Bulletin vice president to fulltime publisher of the News-Press. McLean and Taylor have tactfully asked Storke to stay on for life, perhaps as advisor and editor emeritus.

### Detective from the City Room

In the city-room pecking order at most big dailies, the real estate editor ranks somewhat below the writer who covers high school sports; his main function is to supply a few columns of editorial top-dressing for the real estate ads. Albert Jedlicka of the Chicago Daily News is a glittering exception. With a year-long, still-continuing series of stories in the tradition of the hard-digging reporter-detective, Jedlicka has played a major role in exposing a mortgage-financing scandal that has rocked the Chicago real estate and building industries (see U.S. BUSINESS).

For at least two years Jedlicka had been hearing rumors that some of the city's smaller suburban savings and loan associations were in trouble, but the first hard news came with last April's announcement that tiny Hillside S. & L. (assets: \$13.9 million) was being merged with financially stronger Oak Park Federal S. & L. (\$147 million). Jedlicka wrote the story as a straight news item; then he began to dig.

**Appalling Abuses.** His spadework was painstaking and effective. A native of Chicago, Jedlicka still remembers his father's making mortgage payments at the neighborhood S. & L., which had an office in a grocery. Jedlicka has what his boss, Daily News Executive Editor Larry Fanning, calls "a good sense of moral indignation."

When he started prying into the background of the Hillside-Oak Park merg-



REAL-ESTATE EDITOR JEDICKA  
A good sense of indignation.

er, Jedlicka checked the association's directors and major borrowers. He consulted independent appraisers about valuations established by Hillside for mortgages. He combed endlessly through taxpayer lists, and through County Recorder's office listings.

By the beginning of last summer, Jedlicka was ready to spring some details in "an incredible story of mortgage lending abuses that ran a small west suburban savings and loan association into the ground." He exposed loans made illegally long before the borrowers owned the property that served as security. He found inflated appraisals, including two cases where the resulting loans were higher than the purchase prices. And he found an appalling rate of nonpayment. Hillside had a delinquency rate of 36%, compared with a national average under 11%.

Once Jedlicka started printing specifics in the Hillside case, he began getting more tips. One source told him to take the El to a suburban station. When he arrived at the station, a man met him with a car and spent the whole day driving Jedlicka around housing developments that had shady backgrounds. Other sources gave Jedlicka aliases to use when calling back. In all, six S. & L.s were merged, liquidated or put under direct governmental control as a result of stories in the News's real estate columns.

**Ingrained Skepticism.** In November, Jedlicka scored a different kind of coup: S. & L. Supervisor Chris Stolfa of the Illinois Department of Financial Institutions resigned. Though he was not accused of having a hand in the S. & L. frauds, Stolfa was badly hurt by the revelation that one S. & L. outfit had celebrated the opening of new offices with the help of \$5.746 of jollity purchased from a Stolfa-owned liquor store. In mid-January, Jedlicka reported that Chicago's Deputy Building Commissioner Robert Ewbank had signed loans totaling \$800,000 with two of the ques-



PUBLISHERS STORKE, McLEAN & FAMILIES\*  
A bad time for slang.

Press castigated Rafferty roundly, only to reverse its stand overnight after Storke was shown a list of dirty words from the book. When the John Birch Society moved into Santa Barbara, it roused no visible opposition from the News-Press—until the Birchers had the temerity to attack Storke's close friend Earl Warren. That move provoked an angry series of News-Press articles and a front-page Storke editorial that won him a Pulitzer Prize.

Sale of the paper marks the end for Thomas More Storke of his cherished vision of founding a newspaper dynasty. Storke's father, who had founded the

\* Standing from left: Mrs. Thomas Storke, Mrs. Margaret Storke Cox, Stuart Symington Taylor and wife.



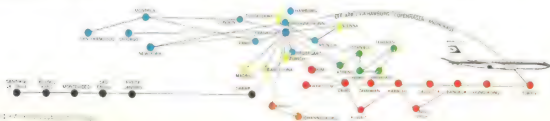
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...it's a whole lot more congenial than on most airlines—and that's a fact! Our friendly, efficient service has always provided our passengers with every form of special care we could think of.

How else would we have become one of the top four airlines flying to Europe? We go to great lengths to offer you abso-

lutely the finest in air travel, with wonderful people to care for you, all over our world-wide system.

Your Travel Agent will agree. He will tell you all about our new low air fares and our extensively planned tour program. Fly with us—you'll be impressed by Lufthansa German Airlines. Offices in principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.







# **NOW DE-HYPHENATED!**

(to deliver your TV commercials with your products)

And put them where a lot of your product probably is right now. ♦ Because when we turn on the transmitter the hyphens fall out and 3 major cities and 23 surrounding counties in Eastern Michigan come together as a single advertising package. ♦ A package of 1.5 million people—and 405,500 TV homes—your commercials reach best from within. That is, via WJRT—the station which created FLINTSAGINAWBAYCITY in the first place. And the station which covers it completely, from within.

**WJRT-12**  
ABC-TV



## eighteen-story washing machine

You are looking at a whole new approach to an old steelmaking problem—the cleaning of steel. This is an 18-story “pickling tower”. Inside it we’ve built a sealed shower stall, where multi-jets of hydrochloric acid clean our steel more thoroughly than it has ever been done before. It is another new idea in American steelmaking, another way we’ve found to give our customers better steels, faster and more efficiently.

McLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON AND GIBRALTAR, MICHIGAN



NYR7



### Who got an "A" from Ehlers for over 33% more coupon redemptions?

"Our recent campaign in the Metro New York edition of Reader's Digest passed all expectations," reports Albert Ehlers, Jr., president of Ehlers Coffee. "This despite the fact that housewives had to mail in 8 can strips, or 10 coupons, to get a free pound of coffee."

"Response was overwhelming. Over 125,000 families in the New York area

took advantage of our offer—representing more than one million pounds of coffee sold. For every advertising dollar spent, The Digest pulled from 33% to 50% more redemptions than any of the other magazines used."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14¼ million U.S. families (25 million world-wide) buy each issue.

tionable S. & L. S. Ewhank resigned.

Next week a first report on ways of strengthening the savings and loan laws is due from a state task force of businessmen and S. & L. officials. "What is done with their recommendations will show whether the state means business," says Jedlicka with a seasoned newsman's skepticism.

## PRESS SECRETARIES

### The New Man

For a few critical hours after President Kennedy's assassination, there was only one man at the White House who could presume to speak for Lyndon Johnson. He was George Reedy, 46, who for 13 years has been a Johnson intimate. By the next day, when Press Secretary Pierre Salinger and the new President had returned to Washington, Reedy had stepped back into the shadows. But not for long. Last week as Salinger announced his resignation to run for the Senate (see *THE NATION*), waiting at his elbow to take over was Johnson's man George Reedy.

An unflappable, unkempt hulk of a man, who looms 6 ft. 3 in. and is pushing 250 lbs., Reedy has had the L.B.J.



GEORGE REEDY  
Into the front line.

brand on him since the day in 1951 when he quit the United Press after nine years as congressional reporter. He was going to work for the junior Senator from Texas, Reedy told friends, "because Lyndon Johnson is going to be President some day and I'm hitching my wagon to that star."

Johnson put his assistant on the staffs of Senate committees, later named him a special aide, then posted Reedy to the National Aeronautics and Space Council, which Johnson headed when he was Vice President. "Do you think this is a promotion?" one reporter asked as Reedy took over his latest assignment. Reedy hesitated, smiled, then said, "It's like shoving a man into the front line in the trenches. If he makes it, he gets the victory medal."

# Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



NO ONE KNOWS the actual cost, of course, but the price American industry pays for on-the-job training must be an impressive one.

All the more reason, it seems to us, for management to take a closer look at these expenditures. Why are they so high?

One reason may be that vocational education in the schools is not keeping up with technological change in industry. It's hard to blame the schools: in many cases, qualified teachers just aren't available, simply because the average teacher's pay is less than that of a qualified machinist. At the same time, inadequate funds don't permit up-to-date shops equipped with modern tools.

Even when a teacher is well qualified and dedicated, it still means that many youngsters are being taught outmoded practices on obsolete equipment. And so industry must foot the bill for much more extensive on-the-job training or retraining than should be necessary.

There may be ways for industry to help upgrade teachers, methods and equipment in vocational education. For example, we're asking our plant managers to look into the problem in their own communities. We'll be happy to share their findings with you if you're interested.

We reach a milestone this month in the process of paying our 100th consecutive quarterly dividend. During this 25 year period, the dividend has never been reduced; in fact, the rate of dividend has steadily increased. It's interesting to note that 100 shares of our stock purchased in 1937 at a cost of \$8000 would now represent 9,708 shares with a market value of about \$272,000. And, \$150,200 would have been paid in cash dividends as of this date.

It's common knowledge that liquids like fuel oil and gasoline must be measured with great accuracy as they move from the source to the end user. When our research people design liquid meters, however, they must think in terms of a great variety of liquids used in many industries under varying conditions that must be measured with equal accuracy. The new Rockwell Process Control Meter, for example, will be called on to measure everything from fruit juices, deionized water, wine and vinegar to sulphide liquor (used in paper making), tomato juice and even liquid fertilizer.

The pressures that some of the valves produced by our Edward Valves Division are required to handle are really impressive. For instance, a new 20-inch cast steel valve specially designed for a new power station requires 1,175,000 pounds of thrust to close against the 6,000 pounds per square inch seat test. This is about three times the thrust required from the Atlas booster used to launch Mercury space capsules. The huge castings for these seventeen valves were poured at our Atchison, Kansas, foundry.

Our 1963 Annual Report is now available. If you are interested, we'll be glad to send you a copy.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



**Rockwell**  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

# SPORT

## COLLEGE BASKETBALL

### The Bruin Breed

On many winter nights in college towns throughout the U.S., it looked as if the Beatles must have dropped in. During a snowfall on the University of Michigan campus, 5,000 students shivered in sleeping bags while waiting in line all night for tickets. In El Paso the fans pored over obituary notices, calling bereaved families in the tiny hope of snapping up the loved one's ticket. In Philadelphia, New York, Boston and scores of other cities, it was the same story, all without a Beatle bob in sight. The attraction was five men, not four, crew-cut, not shaggy, and as All-American as college basketball.

That, of course, is just what they were playing, in a season that, by official count, has attracted more fans than ever before.

**Rootin' Shootin'.** Why? Explains Texas Western Basketball Coach Don Haskins: "It's just a much better game than it ever used to be." The most exciting thing about the new game is that winning teams like the U.C.L.A. Bruins are leaning on runts such as Walt Hazzard (6 ft. 2 in.), who make up in speed, style and teamwork what they lack in brute size. In all team sports, it is the drama of score—the breakaway touchdown, the grand-slam homer—that makes the excitement. In basketball, the scorching sport in the land, it is the nerve-burning electricity of the high-point game. The 1963-64 season saw shooting that would have been the envy of Marshal Dillon: an average of 148.8 points per game, two-team total, for 3,890 major college games—a full 9.8 points higher than just a year ago.

AND CLARSON—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



U.C.L.A.'S HAZZARD  
The apt were in.

By March, 17 teams had averaged more than 85 points a game; last year only two teams did. Seven players banged in more than 30 points a game this season; last year none did. And seldom has a season seen such fast, rough, yet precise play.

**Post-Season Prime.** The fastest, roughest basketball of all comes in the post-season games of the N.I.T. and N.C.A.A. championships, whose finals were played off last week. When perennially inept New Mexico suddenly got ept this year and landed in the N.I.T., Albuquerque kicked in \$6,000 for a special single-city telecast of its heroes. The New Mexico team smothered N.Y.U., but lost ignominiously (54-86) to the Bradley Braves.

At the N.C.A.A. finals in Kansas City, the play was as cold and ruthless as a ragged axe. U.C.L.A.'s Walt Hazzard, a jumping Jack who chopped through all Duke's beanstalks, carried a steely team to its 30th consecutive victory, beating Duke 98-83. It was the Bruins' first national championship, and highest score ever in an N.C.A.A. final.

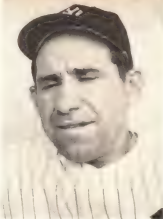
## BASEBALL

### Yogi, the Commissar

He looked almost like a manager. He acted almost like a manager, though he still grimaced greenly when he puffed his executive stogie. He even talked almost like a manager. "I'm doing plenty of looking," he said sagely, "and that's why I'm watching so much."

If it was publicity that the New York Yankees were looking for when they named Lawrence Peter Berra, 38, as their manager last October, they were certainly getting it. In fact, if Yogi gets much more publicity, worried one Yankee official in Florida last week, "he might become more of a personality than a manager"—J. Fred Muggs, perhaps. "My big problem as manager will be to see if I can manage," said Yogi with indisputable logic, and he wasted no time letting the proud Yankees know who was boss. Calling the team together in the clubhouse at Fort Lauderdale, he announced: "I'm running this club, and these are my rules. No swimming. No golf. No jai alai. No race tracks. No gambling at all. Everybody in at 11:30. Lights out at 12, and radios off. There'll be a 7:30 call for everybody, and everybody better look like a Yankee. No walking around in blue jeans, and no shorts."

It was just Berra's little joke, of course. "Oh, that Yogi," sighed one bemused Yankee. "He scared hell out of me," admitted Mickey Mantle. All the same, the Yankees were working harder than they had in years. With Outfielders Mantle and Roger Maris healthy once again, the Yankees were a far cry from the injury-ridden club that lost four straight games to the Los An-



MANAGER BERRA

Looking while he watches.

geles Dodgers in the 1963 World Series. But Yogi was taking no chances. "We had too many pulled muscles last year," he said, ordering ten minutes of rugged calisthenics every day. At practice sessions he was everywhere—gesturing with a fungo bat, exhorting his players ("C'mon now, c'mon . . . let's hustle . . . attaboy . . . here we go . . . let's move"), scribbling furiously in a bulging notebook.

But by week's end, with their grapefruit-league schedule well under way, the hustling Yankees had four wins in eight games, were showing only flashes of midseason form. Manager Berra was copping his first plea. "Just in case we lose a few and you guys want to know why," he grumped, "we ain't playing to win down here."

## HORSE RACING

### Hard Times at Calumet

The Hutcheson Stakes at Florida's Gulfstream Park is a race for three-year-olds—a fact that qualifies it, technically, as a stepping stone for the Kentucky Derby. But the \$10,900 winner's purse attracts few really promising horses. "If you enter a lot of little races, you're just spinning your wheels," says Calumet Farm's Trainer Jimmy Jones. "You can't run a racing stable on nickel-and-dime pots." And yet, there in the winner's circle, his pudgy face twisted into a gleeful grin, stood Jimmy Jones with Ky. Pioneer, which had just carried the devil's red and blue of Calumet to victory in the Hutcheson Stakes, of all races. The runner-up: Calumet's Kentucky Jug.

Trainer Jones, 57, needs all the nickels and dimes he can get these days. Calumet, which bred two Triple Crown winners, Whirlaway and Citation, won the Kentucky Derby seven times,\* more than any other stable in history, and

\* Whirlaway (1941), Pensive (1944), Citation (1948), Ponder (1949), Hill Gail (1952), Iron Liege (1957), Tun Tann (1958).



swept the money-winning championship twelve times in 21 years, has not even entered a horse in the Derby since 1958. At Santa Anita, Hialeah and Belmont, Calumet's proud champions were once hailed as "The New York Yankees of horse racing." No more.

In 1963 Calumet did not win a single stakes race; its horses, which in 1947 set the all-time record of \$1,402,436 in winnings, earned only \$168,543—a pittance compared with the \$750,000 needed to break even. It was the fourth straight losing season, and it had better be Calumet's last. By U.S. Internal Revenue Service rules, a racing stable is taxed as a business unless it loses money for five straight years; at that point, it is automatically classed as a hobby, and the owner has to pay taxes on every penny of income for the full five years. Sighs Calumet's worried owner, Mrs. Gene Markey: "We have to make money this year. I may have to sell something to do it."

**Horse Factory.** She could always start with the silverware. The Pine Room at Calumet Farm, five miles outside Lex-

ington, Ky., glitters from floor to ceiling with equine loot: the seven Kentucky Derby trophies, six Preakness cups, four Jockey Club Gold Cups, 76 Tulip cups representing feature race winners at Keeneland. Mrs. Markey could also auction off some land. Calumet's 846 acres of rolling Kentucky bluegrass are worth some \$3,500,000—and that's not even counting the 18-room manor house, 36 outbuildings and 23 miles of white oak fences. The estate was inherited from his family by Mrs. Markey's first husband, Chicago Tycoon Warren Wright, in 1931, three years after he had sold his controlling interest in Calumet Baking Powder Co. for \$29.2 million. He invested, nonetheless, that the farm show a profit. Wright spent as much as \$75,000 on a single brood mare, hired experts to chart thoroughbred blood lines, handpicked every employee from blacksmith to exercise boys. At his death in 1950, Calumet was a high-pressure

horse factory, the most successful thoroughbred breeding operation in the U.S. For all its science, breeding race horses is as risky as roulette. Horsemen estimate that fully one fourth of the foals dropped never get to the starting gate. The odds against producing a Kentucky Derby winner are about 14,000 to 1. However, Wright struck it rich: in 1936, at the Saratoga yearling sale, he bid \$14,000 for a brown colt named Bull Lea. On the track, Bull Lea won a useful \$94,825. But it was in the barn with the mares that Bull Lea lived up to his name. By last year, his offspring, most notably Citation, Armed and Iron Liege, had won the astounding total of \$13,280,851. The magnificent old stallion is now 29, the equivalent of 145 in human years, and, with a mere eight foals this spring, in the twilight of his years. So is the dynasty, Bull Lea's sons have never matched their father's prowess as a sire.

**Affair of Honor.** Calumet desperately needs another Citation or a Bull Lea Jr. From their showing in the Huteson Stakes, Ky. Pioneer or Kentucky Jug



KY. PIONEER, TRAINER JONES, KENTUCKY JUG



CALUMET'S MARKEY

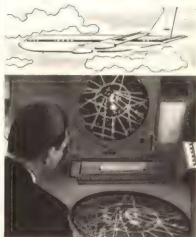
*As risky as roulette.*

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just might fill the bill. The early Kentucky Derby favorites are George Pope Jr.'s California colt, Hill Rise (odds: 5 to 2), which ran away with the \$132,400 Santa Anita Derby and is undefeated in six straight starts, and Edward P. Taylor's Canadian-bred Northern Dancer (7 to 2), which won Florida's \$138,200 Flamingo Stakes.

On breeding alone, however, it would be hard to beat Ky. Pioneer or Kentucky Jug. Pioneer (odds: 15 to 1) is a son of Preakness and Belmont Stakes Winner Nashua; Jug (20 to 1), of the famed stud horse, Alibhai. Both are being groomed for the Derby in classic Calumet fashion—slowly, gently, painstakingly. To Owner Markey and Trainer Jones, winning the Kentucky Derby in the past has always been more an affair of honor than of money. "I would rather win the Derby than all the races in the world," says Mrs. Markey. This year, she may have to.

## Doughboy Televiso puts eyes in the skies



The men who control today's jet traffic have to know *exactly* where every aircraft is at all times... and when it will reach any given point.

Thanks to the Televiso Electronic Division of Doughboy Industries, much of this information is given *visually, instantly*. Result? Televiso's eyes in the skies help prevent air traffic jams, enabling controllers to handle aircraft safely and efficiently. New Televiso developments will soon make this job even easier.

Today Televiso sweeps the sky, charting safe courses for pilots. Tomorrow Televiso may well search the vast reaches of outer space, charting safe courses for Astronauts.

**Other Televiso Developments** contribute to the efficiency of instrument landing in inclement weather. Televiso equipment, used in the very high frequency omnidirectional navigation system, provides all-weather guidance for the nation's airways.

**Doughboy does it better...  
for a wide range  
of industries**

In electronics, as in packaging machinery, printing, sawmills and durum flours, table-ready poultry, farm feeds, swimming pools, toys and wading pools, the many and varied products of Doughboy are serving American industries, homes and farms.

**Doughboy**

**DOUGHBOY INDUSTRIES, INC.**

General Offices: New Richmond, Wisc.  
Twelve plants in the U.S. and West Germany

## MEDICINE

### TOXICOLOGY

#### Beware the Man-of-War

The sunny Miami Beach morning seemed perfect for a swim. But from his lookout perch, Lifeguard Al Moore spotted some purplish blobs—Portuguese men-of-war were drifting shoreward. Moore chalked up a warning on a big blackboard at the Biltmore Terrace Hotel: "Danger—No Ocean Bathing Today."

Joseph C. Goodman, 73, a retired businessman from Stamford, Conn., either did not read or did not heed the warning. "He came out of the water staggering and falling," says Moore, "and he had tentacles all over his chest and his arms and legs." The third time he fell, Goodman was unconscious. Moore tried mouth-to-mouth breathing while a fellow guest, Dr. Frank Valone of Rome, N.Y., kept up closed-chest massage. Nothing worked.

**Barbed Beads.** Thus Joseph Goodman became the first American known to have died from man-of-war stings. Though he had had coronary artery disease, there was no sign that he had suddenly had a heart attack. Dr. Valone thinks that Goodman died of shock brought on by the man-of-war's poison.

The wonder is that there are not many more such deaths, for thousands of people are stung every year, some of them severely. In recent weeks, the sting rate got up to 400 or more a day in southeast Florida. Bulldozers buried a mass of man-of-war bodies daily, but so many more came in that some of the most popular beaches had to be closed.

Many other jellyfish have stings, but those of the *Physalia* group secrete a nerve poison almost as virulent as the king cobra's venom. The abundant Caribbean form, *physalia*, is rarely more than eight inches across its mauve, iridescent, jellylike body, but it has scores of tentacles up to 50 ft. or even 100 ft.



JELLYFISH & WARNING ON FLORIDA BEACH  
In a split second, hundreds of shots.

long. These tentacles are like strings of microscopic beads, containing tiny poison cells consisting of a hollow, coiled thread with a barb on the end.

**Instant Poison.** "When it is irritated," says the University of Miami's Zoologist Charles E. Lane, "the cell extends the hollow thread, and when the barb has penetrated the skin, it squeezes a tiny drop of poison the length of the tube." The instant a tentacle touches a bather, hundreds of cells go into action in a fraction of a second.

Most victims step on the tentacles of a dying man-of-war washed up on the beach, and they get what feels like a scorpion sting. Several tentacles drawn across the legs feel like a flogging with red-hot wires, and may throw a healthy adult into shock by suddenly dropping his blood pressure. The extreme pain may last an hour, and dull pain for a couple of hours more. The welts persist for up to three months.

The only treatment is to ease the pain, usually with external applications of alcohol. The only protection against Portuguese men-of-war is to keep away from them. In March and early April, when myriads of the purplish jellyfish are blown ashore by easterly winds, avoiding them is not always easy for Florida swimmers.

#### Beware the Snake

For the child who is too young to read, the word "Poison" on a medicine bottle or a cleaning-fluid can is no protection. Neither is the once-popular, now little-used, device of the skull and crossbones; children either don't know what it means, or they associate it with exciting TV programs about pirates. Last week the Michigan State Pharmaceutical Association began a statewide campaign to lessen some of the childhood hazards in a chemically fertile age by enlisting the aid of the kids.

Through neighborhood drugstores,



MICHIGAN'S WARNING SYMBOL  
The lesson sticks with the label.

the association distributed hundreds of thousands of sheets of yellow gummed stickers. Printed in red above the inescapable word "Poison" is a vicious-looking, four-fanged cobra, poised to strike. Most youngsters, the association reasons, are warned against snakes early in life. They should be able to recognize the symbol and heed its warning. The recommendation is that stickers be put not only on dangerous medicines, but on containers for such poisons, among others, as ammonia, antifreeze, bleaches and disinfectants containing chlorine, gasoline, insect and rat poisons, kerosene and lead paints.

To make sure that the lesson sticks with the label, mothers are advised to take their kids on a tour of the house and let the youngsters themselves have the fun of pasting on the labels.

### PLASTIC SURGERY

#### Uplift Operations

Operations to enlarge or uplift the female breast are a relatively small part of the growing practice of plastic surgeons. But whether a woman's motive is mere vanity or the need to restore the appearance after injury or surgery, there is an increasing variety of materials for building up the bosom. Doctors have tried everything from paraffin and glass balls to synthetic sponges and the patient's own body fat. But in New Orleans last week, specialists at an American College of Surgeons meeting were enthusiastic about a new plastic.

Atlanta's Dr. John R. Lewis Jr. reported good results and a minimum of side effects with a combination kit introduced last year by Dr. Thomas D. Cronin of Houston. It consists of a Silastic (silicone plastic) bag filled with Silastic gel and attached to a backing of Dacron mesh. The viscous gel has more nearly the consistency of natural breast tissue than previous synthetics.

The surgeon, said Dr. Lewis, must create a pocket between the breast and the muscle of the chest wall to which it is normally attached. The uplift device is inserted in the pocket, with its Dacron backing placed against the muscle. Thus the tissues of the breast itself do not come into contact with any mesh or sponge material into which they could grow—only with the impermeable surface of the Silastic bag. A further advantage is that the soft tissue of the natural breast is outward; it feels normal to the patient and facilitates a doctor's examination for cysts or tumors.



Firemen fight a burning tire shortly after the big truck crane tipped against the guard rail on the exit from the Baltimore Beltway to U.S. Route 40.

## Steel guard rail stops runaway truck



Shortly after noon last July 2, a 40-ton truck crane went out of control while it was rounding the curve on an exit from Baltimore's Beltway. No serious consequences though... nobody hurt, not much property damage. The strong Bethlehem steel guard rail and steel posts stopped the truck, helped to keep it from rolling down an embankment.

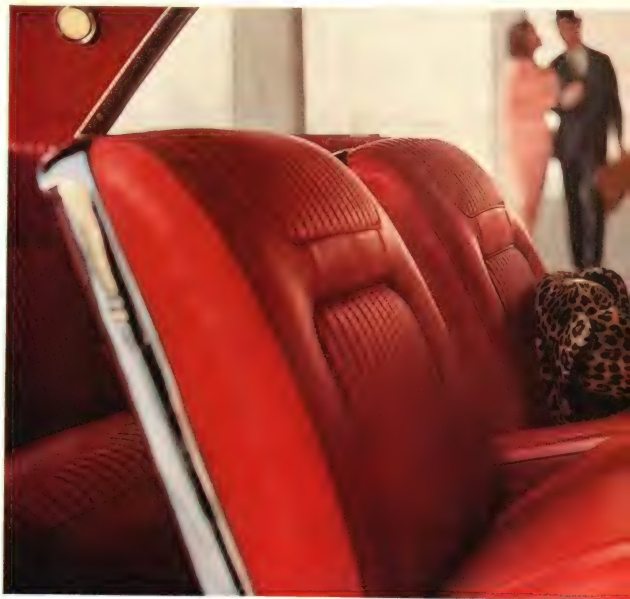
Strong steel guard rail protects the danger spots—curves, embankments, and the medial strips—along thousands of miles of our highways. Bethlehem steel guard rail makes you feel safer just to look at it (because you are).

The strength of steel makes it the number one material for lots of things that get hard use. Toys, power mowers, automobile bodies, garden tools, boat trailers. And much of this economical, versatile steel comes from Bethlehem.



# BETHLEHEM STEEL





## Jet-lounge interiors ... Jet-smooth ride

*This is luxury . . . spacious Body by Fisher surrounding you with yards of elegant vinyl and deep-twist carpeting, a firm Full Coil suspension smoothing your way below. And as if this weren't enough to give you a lift, wait till you see the down-to-earth Chevrolet price!*

If you've jetted cross-country lately, you'll know where we got the name "Jet-lounge interiors" for the '64 Chevrolet.

Its bucket seats are wide, deep-cushioned, tailored in a new kind of glove-soft vinyl. The carpeting underfoot is so thick and luxurious you might be tempted to take your shoes off.

We can't think of anything that could make this one any more relaxing—unless it might be Chevrolet's new

extra-cost AM-FM radio playing softly in the background.

Chevrolet goes Jet-smooth, too. Full Coil suspension lets each wheel retract, in effect, when it hits a bump. Over 700 shock and sound absorbers throughout the body and chassis keep road noises down to a whisper. Engines range from a sprightly 6 up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8.

There isn't a nicer way to get from one place to another—on the ground, at least—for the price. And reasonable as everybody knows our Chevrolet prices are, who could ask for a friendlier welcome-aboard than that? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvete



THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS



*Chevrolet Impala Super Sport Coupe with extra-cost Powerglide automatic transmission*

## '64 LUXURY CHEVROLET







"My whiskey"

Most often of all, these words reflect warmly a pride and trust in 7 Crown—the brand that has won more friends for more years than any other whiskey in the world. **Say Seagram's and be Sure**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 66 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

# SCIENCE

## ELECTRONICS

### Small Memory for Large Numbers

Measured against the mammoth computers for which they were designed, the tiny bits of ceramic hardly seem significant. But the memory units developed by the Sandia Corp. of Albuquerque may succeed in teaching man's rapidly evolving mechanical brains how to talk in another mathematical language.

At present, even the most versatile digital computers have memories that can cope with only a limited vocabulary. Switches and relays may be open or closed, holes may be present or absent from a punched card, bits of magnetism may or may not be spotted on a tape. But whatever the computer memory is composed of, it uses, in effect, only two words: yes and no. As a result, the machine can count only in what mathematicians call binary notation. Familiar decimal numbers, which are composed of the ten digits, 0 through 9, must be translated into binary notation before they are fed into a computer.

**Numbers for Words.** Binary notation uses only two digits, 1 (yes) and 0 (no). Each digit tells whether a given power

or absence of magnetism, the Sandia material responds differently to different amounts of electricity. Two pulses magnetize it twice as strongly as one pulse; three pulses do three times the job. The ceramic is so sensitive that any digit up to nine can be recorded on a single piece.

Sandia's men are not suggesting that all computers should now be taught to talk and think in decimal numbers, but they are convinced that for certain kinds of machine memory a decimal storage system could save much space and cost. Improved ceramic may soon be able to store more than 9 digits, but even the present wafers have obvious advantages. Stored away in binary notation, the number 99 takes seven memory units (1100011), whatever the memory is made of—holes in a card or magnetic cores. In Sandia's decimal memory system, it would take only two tiny chips of ceramic.

## MATHEMATICS

### The Prodigy Who Grew Up

With his short, rotund figure and his spade beard, Professor Norbert Wiener of M.I.T. looked like a harmless Santa Claus. Instead he bristled with versatility. He was a top-rank mathematician who fathered a new branch of science, an enthusiastic mountain climber, and a facile writer of both fiction and philosophy. He could talk intelligently on almost any subject. When he died of a heart attack in Stockholm last week, his colleagues the world over testified to a special sense of loss. For Wiener was one of a vanishing crew—a first-rate scientist whose curiosity and skills covered a variety of disciplines.

"Fool! Brutel!" Behind his jolly facade, Norbert Wiener carried the scars of a miserable youth as a child prodigy. His father, who was professor of Slavic languages at Harvard, took over the boy's early education, correcting each error with shouts of "Fool!", "Brutel!", "Donkey!" Lessons often ended with the child in tears, the father raging so loudly that neighbors came to the door to complain.

Despite these agonies, or because of them—Wiener himself could not decide—the precocious child was reading ponderous books at the age of six. His shortsighted eyes almost went blind when he was eight, but he graduated from the Ayer, Mass., high school at twelve and got his B.A. from Tufts College at 15. Harvard gave him his doctorate in mathematics when he was 18 and kept him on as a lecturer.

Wiener eventually began to outgrow the effects of his hothouse education. He married happily and made an energetic entrance into the field of creative mathematics, the strange, unworldly specialty that he described brilliantly in *I Am a Mathematician*. Making his



CYBERNETICIST WIENER  
One of a vanishing crew.

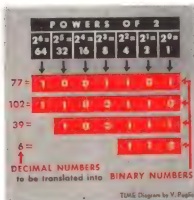
headquarters at M.I.T., he drifted from university to university, like a medieval scholar, but he remained almost a stranger in the vast world outside the classroom.

**More Hits.** Then came World War II, and Wiener went to work designing aiming devices for antiaircraft guns. He demonstrated that gun sights are basically mathematical. Controlled by mechanisms based on far-out mathematical theorems, guns made more hits, radars tracked more targets. Wiener's work was invaluable, but he declared that he would never again touch military weapons. He stuck to his resolution despite bitter criticism.

In 1948 Wiener published his famous *Cybernetics*, which caused a still-continuing stir in scientific circles. The word cybernetics, which Wiener coined, is based on the Greek word for "steersman," and he made it stand for the science of control mechanisms that he showed to be part of neurology, psychology and many other disciplines. The human brain is a control mechanism; so are a computer, a missile's guidance system, even a simple household thermostat. All of them obey the rules that Wiener spelled out.

**Devolved Brains.** *Cybernetics* made Wiener famous. Even the Russians, who called him a "fat, cigar-smoking capitalist," adopted his ideas. Wherever he went he spoke eloquently of his fears that dependence on computers, if not carefully controlled, might someday devalue human brains.

Traveling restlessly, Wiener lectured in Paris in French, in Germany in German, in Mexico City in Spanish; he regretted that international politics prevented him from giving any more lectures in China in Chinese. He could not bring himself to slow down. He was 69 when he died, still preaching his gospel for the age of cybernetics: "Render unto man the things that are man's, and unto the computer only the things that are the computer's."



of 2 is part of the number with which the computer is dealing (see diagram). Numerical information, such as figures from a payroll, can be easily translated into binary notation for storage in a computer's memory. Written English requires another step. Each letter of the alphabet, for example, might be assigned a decimal number (A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.). Whole words would be translated into decimal numbers, and the decimal numbers, in turn, translated into binary for the computer.

Although binary numbers are remarkably handy, they are also noticeably bulky. Complex computers now need hundreds of thousands of yes-no units before they can be said to have a satisfactory memory. Sandia's memory units should allow considerable shrinkage.

**Magnetic Ceramic.** The ceramic is magnetized by pulses of electricity, but instead of recording simply the presence

# MODERN LIVING

## THE HOUSE

### Sleep Big

Considering that they spend about a third of their lives in them—and a rather enjoyable third at that—men and women are surprisingly stodgy about their beds. Their resistance to change in sleeping styles has long been the despair of the bed business; despite much smart and sexy advertising, there has been little growth in unit sales or dollar volume for the past decade. But there was rejoicing last week at the National Association of Bedding Manufacturers' convention in Chicago. A bed trend is under way—toward sleeping big.

About 10% of all mattresses sold last year in the U.S. were super-size—double the total of three years ago—and in 1964 the big-bed business is bigger than ever. Partly, the reason is that Americans in general keep getting bigger. The proportion of U.S. men 6 ft. tall or over, has increased since 1900 from 4% to 20%, and the average Miss America contestant, only 5 ft. tall in 1921, had sprouted to 5 ft. 6 in. by 1962. But beds are growing even faster than the people in them.

The standard double bed (on which about 80% of U.S. adults do their tossing and turning) is 75 in. by 54 in. Most popular new size is the "King": 80 in. by 78 in. Next most popular is the "Queen": 80 in. by 60 in. On the West Coast, naturally, "Superking" is the thing, 84 in. long but only 72 in. wide, and Manhattan's Sleep Center sells a bed called "Emperor" which is 7 ft. long and 7 ft. wide.

Bedmakers hope that people will start trading up beds as they do cars—even though there's not much trade-in value to a secondhand mattress. Exulted Simmons Vice President John W. Hubbell last week: "Millions and millions of beds are now obsolete!"

## THE OUTDOORS

### Call of the Wild

The regulars stepped off the bus wearing oiled boots, scuffy knapsacks, faded blue jeans. Bright-eyed, they talked of things and places far removed from everyday city life: of lady fern and sorrel, of landmarks with such strange-sounding names as Evolution Valley and Tuolumne Meadows, of high places where the air is pungent with eucalyptus. Their packs held only a few necessities: a knife to carve a walking stick, binoculars clinking against a canteen cup, sandwiches. By contrast, the newcomers in the party wore madras shorts, sneakers, and apprehensive faces. They carried pocketbooks, transistor radios, straw baskets with food enough to fatten all the pheasant in the heather. New and old hands alike, 85 in all, were part



SIERRA CLUB HIKERS IN CALIFORNIA  
Ready to fight at the drop of a tree.

of California's famed Sierra Club, out for a day's hike through the mountains. Their leader, a gangling Sierra surveyor, bluntly laid down the law: no straggling behind, no getting ahead, no smoking, no chewing gum wrappers tossed along the trail. No dogs. And put away those transistor radios.

That said, the Sierra Club band strode off behind him into sun-dappled woods, up a winding creek bed. Many had walked no farther than the distance from living-room sofa to TV tuning dial in years. For these, the brisk uphill pace, over boulders, across the brooks and fallen trees, was arduous going. By the time they sprawled out for lunch, on ledge rocks by a waterfall, blisters were rising on tender feet.

And the uphill trail got tougher and more slippery all the time. But by mid-afternoon, even the tenderest feet were firmly planted on a wind-blown, grassy highland. Off in the distance gleamed San Francisco Bay; beyond it, looming out of the sea itself, was Mount Tamalpais, its summit awash with purpling, swiftly scudding clouds. The hikers' blisters were forgotten now, the land had worked its magic: there were no newcomers any more.

The event was a simple outing, superficially nothing more than a Sunday hike in the woods. But for Sierra Clubbers such outings have a deeper meaning. They fear that on some still far distant Sunday there may well be no woods left to hike in, and they return from each expedition more determined than ever to prevent that day from coming. "Is it a religion?" one Sierra Clubber was asked last week. "In a way," he answered, "it surely is."

**Walkers & Talkers.** Seventy-five years ago in the U.S. heartland, it was well-nigh inconceivable that vast wilderness areas such as California's 400-mile-long Sierra Nevada might one day be threatened. John Muir, a bewhiskered Scot with a passionate love for his adopted land, formed the Sierra Club in 1892

as a force to preserve Yosemite National Park, then only two years old, from encroaching sheepherders and cattlemen. Today, with factories turning rivers into running sores, with housing tracts creeping like eczema where once tall timber stood, the Sierra Club is more militant than ever in preaching and practicing Muir's exhortation: "To explore, enjoy and preserve the scenic resources of the U.S. and its forests, waters, wildlife and wilderness." Its 24,000 members, ready to fight at the drop of a tree, belong to 17 chapters scattered over California, Nevada, the Pacific Northwest, Wisconsin, the Great Lakes, the Atlantic seacoast and the Rio Grande, and include such walkers and talkers as Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Publisher Alfred Knopf, a band of Congressmen, and a paid representative who serves as a lobbyist in Washington. Such members have made the Sierra Club the most powerful citizens' conservation organization in the U.S.

**Vanishing Wilds.** Its influence has grown steadily since David Brower became its executive director. Brower, 51, who runs a 30-man paid staff from San Francisco headquarters, enlists swarms of volunteers from every chapter to help in cranking out a massive barrage of preservation pamphlets. But the club's heaviest editorial weapon is a series of lavishly illustrated books designed to awaken the nation to the threat of vanishing wilds. Brower led and won the fight to save Colorado-Utah's Dinosaur National Monument from a proposed series of dams, the greatest conservation battle since the establishment of the National Park System—to which the Sierra Club has also been deeply committed.

The club is engaged on every other conservation front from the seashore on New York's Fire Island to the threat of a hydroelectric project at Rampart Canyon on Alaska's Yukon River. This month in Las Vegas, Brower and fellow

zealots took aim at yet another target: the proposed \$500 million Bridge Canyon Dam on the lower Colorado River which threatens, say Sierra Clubbers, to back up water some 93 miles and inundate part of Grand Canyon National Park itself.

They have not neglected California. At home, the club's most bitter battle currently rages over one of the state's biggest and oldest trees, the *Sequoia sempervirens*. The ever-living redwoods are all but dead: 83% of California's original stand has been cut, and, by U.S. Forest Service estimates, most of the state's 250,000 remaining acres of virgin redwood will be gone by 1980 at the present cutting rate. Even the famed 5,000-acre National Tribute Grove, set aside as a memorial for U.S. war dead after World War II, is soon to be breached by a freeway. *The Last Redwoods*, latest in the Sierra Club's handsome series of books, protests on behalf of conservationists: "It is somehow preposterous that we of this generation should have the power to reprieve or condemn a race which nature has preserved over more than 100,000,000 years."

## THE GARDEN

### Under Glass

For the millions of mulchers, seeders, weeders, pruners and preeners of U.S. Suburbia and Exurbia, spring arrives in a blaze of nursery catalogues and dreams of floral glory. This month gardening buffs have been streaming through the nation's flower shows, green thumbs twitching. All winter, in fact, a surprising number of them had potting soil under their fingernails. For greenhouses are getting to be almost common-or-garden.

Rich men have had them for centuries: Tiberius Caesar raised cucumbers in a mica-covered "forcing house" when his doctor advised him to eat warm-weather vegetables the year round. But today more and more fami-

lies who measure their estates in feet rather than acres are buying prefabricated greenhouses for the cost of a second-hand car or less, and filling the house with chrysanthemums, African violets or glossy greenery while the snow flies.

The oldest U.S. greenhouse manufacturer, Lord & Burnham of Irvington, N.Y., increased its advertising schedule this year and has already received more inquiries than it got in all of 1963. Turner Greenhouses of Goldsboro, N.C., sold \$50,000 worth five years ago, while last year its sales amounted to \$250,000. Turner's least expensive model is a plastic-covered 7-by-8-ft. lean-to built over the door or window of a house through which it derives its heat. A 25-by-50-ft.-square greenhouse, with all-aluminum construction, fully automatic controls, an independent oil furnace and a potting shed, can cost about \$20,000. Automatic controls, available even in \$1,200 models, are largely responsible for the newly broadened market; they enable owners to go off on vacation confident that proper heat, ventilation and humidity will be maintained by gadgetry that can turn on the sprinkler system, raise and lower vents, switch on the lights at night. When the owners return, they can simply walk in and start weeding.

"To keep up with the Joneses nowadays," says Manufacturer Sumpter Turner happily, "you have to raise your own tomatoes in January—as well as have plenty of orchids." But there is much more to it than green-thumb-upmanship. There is the satisfaction of growing or propagating plants for the outdoor garden instead of buying them, of cutting a spray of forsythia in mid-winter and "forcing" it into a golden harbinger of spring, of watching a child's pride in his own waist-high plantation, and, not least, of dropping into a city florist's from time to time to check up on the prices. For less than \$20, a greenhouse owner can buy enough seedlings to keep his house chrysanthemum all winter long.



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# EDUCATION

## UNIVERSITIES

### Marxmanship at Illinois

His colleagues say of Revilo P. Oliver, professor of classics at the University of Illinois, that "his first name is his last name spelled backward because he doesn't know if he's coming or going." A competent Latin and Greek scholar, Oliver is a national officer of the John Birch Society. In recent issues of *Amer-*



PROFESSOR OLIVER

*The right to be ungloriously wrong.*

ican Opinion, the Birch magazine, he published, under the title "Marxmanship in Dallas," the most elaborate version yet of the dihard "plot" theory of the Kennedy assassination. The Communists executed the President, says Oliver, intending to blame ultrarightists and trigger "a domestic takeover." Not that Oliver misses Kennedy: as long as there are Americans, he writes, Kennedy's "memory will be cherished with distaste."

From shocked citizens across the country, the University of Illinois got a "massive public reaction" denouncing Oliver. That confronted President David D. Henry with a prickly case of academic freedom. Illinois is currently on the censure list of the American Association of University Professors as the result of the 1960 ouster of Biologist Leo Koch, who wrote a letter to the campus newspaper backing premarital sex among students. After a storm of public protest, Henry requested Koch's dean in a letter to relieve the biologist "immediately" of his duties, then had the letter publicized in the press. Henry thus acted without filing formal charges or consulting his trustees, as prescribed by the university's own statu-

tes. While not siding with Biologist Koch's views, A.A.U.P. decided that he had a right to express them and had been fired without a fair hearing. Censure was imposed to prod Illinois into strengthening its guarantees of due process. How would Henry handle Revilo P. Oliver?

This time Henry cautiously turned for advice to the faculty senate, got back a strong statement from its committee on academic freedom backing every professor's right to be "as ungloriously wrong, and suffer the professional consequences thereof, as to be gloriously right, and receive the acclaim of his colleagues therefor." When the "privilege" of academic freedom is abused, said the committee without mentioning Oliver, "it must be recognized that the larger gain is in the brighter image of the university" presented to the scholarly world, as an institution "dedicated to the advancement of knowledge and learning, and one willing to pay the price for strict adherence to this idea."

Endorsing the faculty report, President Henry last week put the case to the Illinois board of trustees, got an overwhelming vote in favor of keeping Oliver. The university is rewriting its academic freedom statutes, and between this and its handling of the Oliver case, hopes to get off the A.A.U.P. censure list by 1965.

### Singing at Indiana

The stars of the Indiana University Opera Theater's production of *Parsifal* could hardly have been better—even if they did seem a little bit old and fat for college students. There in the role of Parsifal was Charles Kullman, a veteran tenor from the Met; as Kundry, there was Margaret Harshaw, who has been a leading Wagnerian soprano since the '40s. Both are now "artist-performer-teachers" at Indiana, and Indiana is

far and away the nation's most ambitious music school.

Big, Bold & Excellent. *Parsifal* has been Indiana's chef-d'oeuvre every Lenten season since 1949, two years after Wilfred C. Bain, 56, became dean of the music school. The opera is one of Wagner's most inaccessible, but Bain has an ample notion of his school's grandeur, and each year Indiana's *Parsifal* aspires to more. Last week, with five faculty members in the leading roles, a somber, brooding mirage of sets by Mario Cristini (who spent 25 years with the San Carlo Opera in Naples), a cast of 66, a 62-voice chorus and the 74-piece Indiana University Philharmonic Orchestra, *Parsifal* would have done almost any opera house proud. Said Bain, who can trumpet any compliment: "Indiana University's production of *Parsifal* symbolizes a new kind of education in the musical arts."

Bain's approach to music teaching is not so much new as it is big, bold and excellent. With a faculty of 103 and a fulltime student body of 1,072 ("the largest in the world," Bain says), the music school has three full orchestras, gives three complete ballet productions and more than 350 recitals a year. But opera is at the heart of Bain's program: the university presents at least six operas a season—weekly from October to May—giving Bloomington, Ind., a longer opera season than Los Angeles, Washington, Miami or Boston. "We do opera because we've got the horses to do it," Bain says proudly.

Nostalgic Surprises. Bain's horses work out in a plant that includes 95 teaching studios and 178 practice rooms, a library of 45,000 books, 10,000 scores and 25,000 phonograph records. Their productions are not surpassed in more than half a dozen opera houses in the country. But even at that, Bain thinks of his Opera Theater as Macy's thinks of its Broadway windows: the glamour of the opera is only a lure to attract students to the business of learning music. When 948 music



DEAN BAIN



OPERA THEATER'S "PARSIFAL"

*Just like Macy's window.*

\* His great-grandparents named their son Revilo Oliver to make a palindrone—a phrase that reads the same backward or forward. Oliver is his family's third consecutive Revilo.



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Urubamba river

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Gold-clad warriors had peered down between the drifting clouds to spy on Pizarro's conquistadores marching through the valley 2,000 feet below. But the unsuspecting Spaniards kept on, following the Urubamba river in its mad, boiling rush towards the Amazon.

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school graduates let the music school know what had become of them last year, it was no disappointment to Bain that only 57 were professional musicians. Of the other 891, no fewer than 713 are teachers of music.

## TEACHING

### Desegregated History

"When I was going to school," recalls Author James Baldwin, "I began to be bugged by the teaching of American history, because it seemed that that history had been taught without cognizance of my presence." Baldwin's figurative forebears go back at least to 1513, when 30 Negroes sailed to the New World with Balboa. Yet the most widely used eighth-grade history text in the country today mentions only two Negroes by name as having lived since the Civil War, brushes off the Emancipation Proclamation in two sentences. Belatedly, educators are coming to see that it is high time to desegregate the teaching of U.S. history.

Last year in Detroit the elementary schools (47% Negro) began supplementing courses with a 52-page paperback on Negro history that ranges from ancient times to Martin Luther King. Last year the schools of Washington, D.C. (86% Negro) introduced *The Negro in American History*, a 130-page teacher's guide that can be drawn on by all grades and read by eleventh-graders as part of their regular course. Armed with a rich bibliography, it brings out that:

- ▶ The biggest slave-trading American colonies were not Southern but Northern—Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island.
- ▶ The first American casualty against the British was a Negro—Crispus Attucks, a runaway slave killed in the Boston Massacre of 1770.
- ▶ George Washington barred Negroes from the Continental Army until the British began recruiting slaves. Alarmed, the Americans then enlisted more than 5,000 Negro soldiers, used them in integrated units.
- ▶ Contrary to folklore, slaves hated slavery so passionately that thousands joined bloody revolts. The biggest was led in 1831 by Nat Turner, a Virginia slave preacher, whose rebels killed 60 whites before he was captured and hanged. Also contrary to folklore, the U.S. had 488,000 free Negroes by 1860, almost half of them in the South.
- ▶ The first successful suit in the U.S. against school segregation occurred not in the South of the 1950s but in Boston in 1849.
- ▶ In the Civil War, more than 210,000 Negroes fought in the Union army and navy, won 20 Congressional Medals of Honor. More than 38,000 Negro soldiers were killed in 449 battles.
- ▶ Negroes contributed key inventions to 19th century U.S. industrialization—for example, the mechanical luster that revolutionized shoe manufacturing.



DEATH OF CRISPUS ATTUCKS  
A grim tale of isolation.

Granville Woods, holder of 150 patents, developed the third rail for electric trains in 1890, as well as induction telegraphy for communicating with trains in motion.

▶ The first Negro to serve a full term in the U.S. Senate (1875-81) was able, cultivated Blanche K. Bruce, son of a white Virginia planter and a slave, who was educated by a tutor, escaped to the North, studied at Oberlin College, and after the Civil War became a Mississippi planter.

▶ The first American woman to earn more than \$1,000,000 on her own was "Madame" J. C. Walker, a St. Louis laundress who in 1905 developed a "hair conditioner" that created "a new world for Negro women in America."

▶ The first American who actually reached the North Pole (1909) was Matthew Henson, a Negro who accompanied Admiral Robert E. Peary.

▶ West Point graduated its first Negro in 1877 (but no Negroes got through Annapolis until 1943).

▶ In World War II, the Red Cross at first refused to accept blood from Negro donors, and later took it only on a segregated basis. Ironically, it was a Negro, Plasma Expert Charles R. Drew, who set up U.S. blood banks.

As the new text notes, the four-century history of the American Negro is a grim tale of "enforced isolation from the mainstream of American life." That a few remarkable Negroes have nonetheless managed to write "a record rich in achievement" does not balance the unhappy fact that most have not. Yet now the isolation is breaking down; Negroes may see that color is disappearing as an excuse as well as a barrier. Washington's history students may well conclude, as a top official hopes, that "there is no telling what a young Negro of today can do."

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## RELIGION

### JUDAISM

#### New Elders

For most Orthodox Jews the world over, the Chief Rabbinate of Israel is the supreme spiritual authority in religious matters, and for Jews in Israel it also has full legal jurisdiction over marriage and divorce. The two major divisions of Judaism—the Sephardim and the Ashkenazim—are each represented by a Chief Rabbi of their persuasion, and these two jointly head a council of five Sephardi and five Ashkenazi sages. Since 1959, the chair of the Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi has been vacant; last week the 125-man Rabbinical Electoral College chose for the post Dr. Iser Judah Unterman, 77, white-bearded Chief Rabbi of Tel Aviv-Jaffa and one-time Chief Rabbi of Liverpool. They also re-elected the Sephardi incumbent, Dr. Yitzhak Nissim, 68.

The election came after four years of haggling and politicking, and represents a victory for the conservative Orthodox forces in Israel, reflecting the attitude of the tradition-minded electoral college. The division of Judaism into Sephardi and Ashkenazi communities dates back to the Middle Ages, when Spain and Germany were the main centers of Jewish culture. The Jews in Spain were known as the Sephardim (Spanish in Hebrew) and the German Jews were called the Ashkenazim (German in Hebrew). The differences between the two are mostly in custom and culture. For example, during Passover, the Ashkenazim are forbidden to eat rice and beans, while the Sephardim may eat both. The two communities are not separate sects, however. Their members attend each other's synagogues, intermarry freely, and tension between them is nonexistent.

Religious Jews are a minority in Israel, but there are enough that the

Chief Rabbis can keep hotels, restaurants, airlines and ships kosher by threatening to place them off-limits. The choice of Unterman and Nissim means that many of the religious strictures so galling to nonobservant Jews will continue. Telegraph service is curtailed on the Sabbath (Saturday) and on religious holidays, and in most cities and towns there is no public transportation. Except for a few Christian Arab areas, pork products are not for sale, although nonkosher shrimp is available. El Al airlines does not originate or terminate flights in Israel on Saturdays or religious holidays, and its galleys may serve only kosher food, a puzzlement to Gentile passengers, who find they must drink their coffee black after a meal of meat or chicken. Dr. Nissim recently earned considerable unpopularity when he forced the new Israeli liner *Shalom* to operate with kosher kitchens exclusively.

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### The Pope's Man in Recife

Recife, capital of Brazil's parched and impoverished Northeast, is a sizzling time fuse of a city. Its population of 900,000 has doubled in the past 15 years; more than 500,000 of its inhabitants live and starve in slums on stilts called *mutambos*. Who speaks for Catholicism in Recife is vitally important to the church in Brazil. Now, to be Archbishop of Olinda and Recife, Pope Paul VI has picked a spunky little churchman who has never had a diocese or even a parish of his own. Overjoyed at being handed one of the toughest, most critical jobs in Catholicism is Helder Pessoa Câmara, 55, Auxiliary Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro since 1954.

Câmara is known from Rome to Rio as the most outspoken figure in the Brazilian church. At a recent Vatican



ARCHBISHOP CÂMARA  
Sending the feathers flying.

Council session, he seriously suggested that his fellow bishops toss their jeweled episcopal rings, mitres and other symbols of office away. Just before returning to Brazil, Câmara candidly told Pope Paul that he should get rid of the *sedes vestitoria* (portable papal throne) and the *labella*, the white ostrich feather fans carried beside it. Câmara identifies with new-wave Catholic leaders, says: "The church must join the battle for development and social justice so that later people will not say the church deserted them in their hour of need because it was compromised by big business. If that happens, the church will suffer the consequences."

The 5-ft., 4-in., 120-lb. Câmara goes about his business as if transistorized. Eyes, arms, legs and mind are always in a flurry of motion. While Auxiliary Archbishop of Rio, he consistently upstaged the doughty Archbishop, Cardinal Jaime de Barros Câmara (no kin). Helder Câmara's charity bazaars have been social occasions for Brazil's jet set, and always immensely profitable. In public relations he was a pro: "What is not used in the house of the wealthy is wealth in the house of the poor." When Pope Paul (then Giovanni Battista Montini) visited Brazil in 1960, it was Helder Câmara who took him to visit the poor. When the cardinal took to television to denounce the Communist threat in Brazil, Helder Câmara came on the screen the next week to say that he believed the nation's biggest problem was misery, "which is the ideal garden for Communism to grow in."

Of his new job Helder Câmara says: "Recife is the key post. The Northeast is in a state of prerevolution." Brazil's leading liberal Catholic intellectual, Alceu Amoroso Lima finds Helder Câmara to be "the right man for the right place. He is earmarked to become a cardinal. He can no longer be considered a purely Brazilian church personality."



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## ART

### One Man's Taste

*But each for the joy of the working,  
And each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It  
For the God of Things as They are!*

With this epigram from the unfashionable poet Rudyard Kipling carved in its marble-slathered lobby, the U.S.'s newest museum throws down an elegant gauntlet at the feet of all that has been fashionable in recent art. The challenger is A. & P. Heir Hunting Hartford, 52, who considers abstract art to be a social menace: the challenge is his new Gallery of Modern Art, which assumes "modern" in the art sense, to mean from 1800 until not too lately. After a series of quite fashionable previews—for the press, social, professional and charity cliques—the long-building museum last week opened to the public.

What stands above Manhattan's Columbus Circle is a \$9,000,000 statement of Hartford's taste. In a broadside published as an advertisement in 1955 in six New York newspapers, he stated the thesis that "the purpose of great art is a moral one" and came out for "the old lesson which Beauty has taught for so many years, the lesson of goodness and kindness and strength which has caused poets to identify it with truth." He deplored "the diseases which infect the world of painting today—of obscurity, confusion, immorality, violence" and said that "one of the prime requisites of greatness in art is to be easily understood." To Hartford's critics, these goals spell sentimentality and escapism, not "Things as They are," although the history of art is full of paint-

ers who prove the contrary. The sad fact about the new museum is that the collection it houses does not come close to illustrating Hartford's goals and thus hands an easy victory to the critics.

**Punched Shaft.** The building, designed by Edward Durrell Stone, is a shaft of polished Vermont marble punched by 1,472 portholes, its Venetian façade bent to the arc of Columbus Circle. Inside, is a giant staircase that spirals around the intrusive service core and fire stairs required by city ordinances, and makes landings at the galleries.

While Stone has manipulated the cramped spaces as best he can, he is more in his element with the interior decoration. Macassar ebony, solid bronze doors, parquetry floors, anodized aluminum sequins, red pile carpets, even potted palms abound (see color page). Two of the museum's nine floors are surrendered to an espresso and cocktail lounge and a 52-seat restaurant called the Guguin Room. And since Hartford contends that a museum is "really like a church," there is a 3,500-pipe Aeolian-Skinner organ.

**Pedagogical Planks.** Hartford began buying art twelve years ago, after deciding to build his museum. Now he has some 80-odd pictures and a few sculptures. His possessions, following his credo, are less esthetic choices than planks in a pedagogical platform. The bulk of the collection dates from before 1900. There are quaint, good things, such as Sir Edward Burne-Jones's eight pre-Raphaelite panels of the Perseus legend. There are great artists with bad works: a Degas copy of a Poussin, and a grotesquely tortured Orozco *Slave*.

In a small town without a museum, Hartford's collection would be instructive, for most of the names are respected and familiar. The collection has Géricault, Courbet, Corot, Puvis de Chavannes, Moreau, Monet, Mary Cassatt, Pissarro, Vuillard, Derain, Turner, John Singer Sargent, George Inness, Reginald Marsh and—among sculptors—Houdon, Renoir, Epstein and Davidson. Mostly they are early, derivative works or mediocre curiosities. And two of the newest paintings, hung in a hip-pocket gallery built just for them, are pretentious and overwhelming Dalis, including a 1959 commission called *The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus*, cluttered with meaningless iconography.

**Home for Touring Art.** Yet with all its hesitations, contradictions and shortcomings, the Gallery of Modern Art is a much-needed asset to New York. Its director is Carl J. Weinhardt Jr., 36, a quiet man who began as a Met curator and was director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. He points out that "every year in less-frequented centers throughout the country, stellar and unique assemblages of art are created



GALLERY OF MODERN ART  
A \$9,000,000 statement of taste.

which do not reach the New York public." Manhattan missed an unusual show of Barbizon painters organized and sent on tour by the San Francisco Palace of the Legion of Honor (TIME, Dec. 14, 1962), for example. Weinhardt promises not only to organize large shows of his own—the first is a 300-odd-work retrospective of Surrealist Pavel Tchelitchew now on view—but also to let Manhattan see some shows that its existing museums have turned down.

### Wyeth the Youngest

Somebody Up There is not distributing the talent very evenly. While many an artist is going mad trying to make a loft and a set of oils stretch into a career, the Wyeth family of Chadds Ford, Pa., moves imperiously into its third generation of artistic luster. A new show at Swarthmore College, near Philadelphia, lets viewers see the romantic illustrations of Grandfather N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the universal evocations of Father Andrew (TIME cover, Dec. 27) and the prodigious realism of Andrew's son James, who is only 17.

At the opening of "Three Generations of Wyeths," Jamie looked like a top-form prep-school student taken by his parents to inspect the college. But he is unlike any other 17-year-old in the country. His consuming motive—uncluttered by any profound education or knowledge of the world outside of Chadds Ford—is to paint with realism, humanity and technical brilliance. Unless his fast start proves his undoing, he seems certain to succeed.

**Burned Bridges.** In the Wyeth clan, almost everybody paints but the dogs, and Jamie started early. Says he: "I'd come home from a movie and draw the characters in it." He quit school



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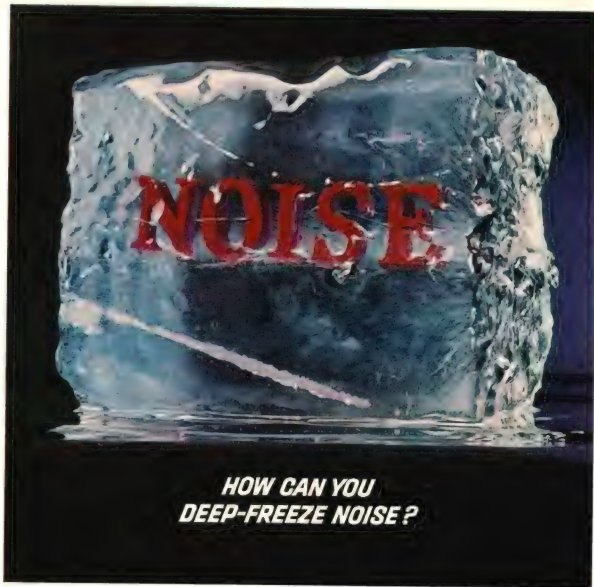


ROBERT HENRI'S portrait of Actress Fay Bainter is dated 1918. Bulk of collection is from 19th century.

WARM, RICH DECOR REPLACES STARK WHITE OF MOST CONTEMPORARY MUSEUMS

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after the sixth grade, and goes to a tutor mornings. "It's really butting in, the schoolwork, I mean," says he. "I'm not going to college, of course. Leaving school is like burning all your bridges. But painting is purely individual; it may be the only profession where you can do this." Such dedicated talk does not mean that the lean youth with long fair locks is an isolated, inhibited child prodigy; he is, rather, the neighborhood swinger, who now zaps around in his second vermillion Corvette Sting Ray sports car, having cracked up the first last summer.<sup>2</sup>

Even more than his father, Jamie is drawn to local characters. At Swarthmore he shows a translucent, almost Flemish portrait of *Lester*, which suggests that everyman's mind, like the dumbest, claws at his own furthest limits of knowing the world. Another por-

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



JAMIE FLANKED BY "SHORTY" & "LESTER"  
Everybody paints but the dogs.

trait is *Shorty*, which sets a stubble-faced recluse incongruously in a sleek green silk wing-back chair. (Soon after the portrait was finished, Shorty burned to death in his shack.) An eerie vision of a *Mushroom Picker* in the subterranean farms of Pennsylvania casts the tiny fungus caps in an almost surreal drama of light and shadow.

**Bore & Dig.** "The object is definitely the most important thing to me," says Jamie. "In portraits I just wish I could drop myself out of it completely. It would be fantastic if you could just get a second person down on canvas without yourself in it." More, generally, he wants "to be involved in a little world, bore into it, dig into it and the hell with everything else."

\* Speed is a Wyeth mania. On a moonless night last week after a dinner party, Andy, barefoot, and his wife Betsy, in an evening dress and sneakers, high-spiritedly tried out a pair of newly bought motorbikes, collided head-on. Wyeth broke some foot bones; Betsy was sent to the hospital with a concussion.

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## BOOKS

### NOVELISTS

#### Ovid in Ossining

[See Cover]

*My mind is bent to tell of bodies changed into new forms, Ye gods, for you yourselves have wrought the changes, breathe on these my undertakings, and bring down my song in unbroken strains from the world's very beginning even unto the present time.*

When the Roman poet Ovid wrote this supplication, "the present time" was roughly the time of Christ, when it was far easier to think of gods becoming men, beasts or monsters and to see the palpable world as the creature of unseen magical forces.

It is the peculiar and original genius of Novelist John Cheever to see his chosen subject—the American middle class entering the second decade of the Affluent Society—as figures in an Ovidian netherworld of demons. Commuterland, derided by cartoonists and deplored by sociologists as the preserve of the dull-spirited status seeker, is given by Cheever's fables the dignity of the classical theater.

All this has escaped attention largely because the U.S. bourgeoisie has not been encouraged to think well of itself; indeed, it has been made accustomed

to having its very virtues excoriated by the writing classes. More important, Cheever, like a demiurge disguised in street clothes, has hidden the demonic quality in his work under the conventional natural-shoulder style of the realistic story.

But at least popular neglect seems to be coming to an end. *The Wapshot Scandal* (TIME, Jan. 24), the second of his two novels, is selling at a brisk 2,000 copies a week, and has already topped the total sales of his first novel, *The Wapshot Chronicle*—although the *Chronicle* won the National Book Award in 1958. Movie rights to both have been bought for \$75,000, but it seems likely that any movie will mirror merely the realism. Cheever has been long acknowledged as a master of the short story, of which he has written over a hundred. Some are merely slick or O. Henryish, but some, such as *The Country Husband*, *The Death of Justin*, *Goodbye, My Brother*, are as perfect as a short story can get, and have dimensions and echoes far beyond their relatively small compass.

**A Local Habitation.** Cheever's art deals less with what is called character and idiosyncrasy than with archetypes: father, son, brother, husband, wife, lover, seen in situations so intensely felt as

to claim universality. His people move like characters in classic drama; the actors wear their fixed masks and are not expected to change one mask for another in the course of the action. Over the formal masks are fitted others modeled in the naturalistic detail required by the conventions of realism. He is able to give to the abstract persona of this theater a local habitation and a name—a habitation so truly seen in detail that it becomes more real than the town's tax rolls. But the easygoing realism that accepts wife-swapping or any impiety of evaded obligation with a sociological shrug enrages him, for at bottom he is a New England moralist.

In real life, Cheever country is that strip of New York's Westchester County that stretches from the Rockefeller estate in the Pocantico Hills along the wooded ridges of the Hudson's east shore to the estuary of the Croton River. "Except that he does not commute, John leads a fairly orthodox commuter's life," says his friend E. J. Kahn Jr., one of *The New Yorker's* most versatile reporters-at-large. According to hour and season, Cheever skates and swims, drinks, dines, visits and walks. His home in Ossining is satisfactorily old (1790) in its history and comfortably modern in its appointments. Cheever has all the mannerisms of the proud landowner. He fiddles with his rotary mower or chain saw, or flails away with limited competence with an ax. He engages in target practice with his son, Ben, 15, who owns a Daisy air rifle. He worries about his unpruned apple trees, or Dutch disease in the elm where the orioles nest.

Only the walking seems old-fashioned enough to be eccentric. Almost any Sunday, Cheever's small figure may be seen tramping on the back roads around Croton Dam trailed by his two Labradors. His lined, nut-brown face, like that of so many Americans of the middle class, is that of an aging schoolboy, and his clothes that schoolboy uniform—tweed jacket, khaki drill pants and scuffed loafers.

**Nymph & Satyr.** To the casual eye, this dog walker, churchgoer and drinker of neighborly gins could be just another exurbanite worried about taxes and with strong views on zoning. But this is an obsessed man. Re-created in his novels and stories as Shady Hill, Bullet Park or Proxmire Manor, the suburban region is subjected to terrible metamorphosis. It is not Sing Sing Prison straddling the New York Central tracks by the Hudson shore that is the worst destination of the inhabitants, but a netherworld of damnation. In *Metamorphoses*, one neighbor has suffered a magical transformation into Actaeon, torn to pieces by his own hounds. In another story, his wife has become the enchantress who converted her daughter into a swimming pool. Even the A. & P. supermarket has been peopled by Cheever with a crowd "moaning and crying" as they are "reviled and



CHEEVER AT HOME IN OSSINING

Under the stones of suburbia, a netherworld of gods and monsters.



taken away" to some enigmatic doom.

But in this transfigured world, there is delight as well as drama. On a quiet evening, "a night where kings in golden suits ride elephants over mountains," a common citizen might see a door across the way fly open, "and out comes Mrs. Babcock without any clothes on, pursued by her naked husband. Over the terrace they go and in at the kitchen door, as passionate and handsome a nymph and satyr as you will find on any wall in Venice."

Cheever's demonic quality is just beginning to emerge in his fiction from its buttoned-up Brooks Brothers carapace of realism. It has always been recognized in the private pre-Ovidian Cheever. "He is a magician," says his friend Ralph Ellison, author of *Invisible Man*, recalling the old women who lurked in the back parlors of the Negro section of Oklahoma City where he grew up. "He can take a watch chain or something and tell you the whole man." Even Mary Cheever subscribes to the theory that her husband is not as other men. She recounts with some awe the story of how John, having completed a deeply painful story about his older brother Fred, became convinced that something was amiss with him in real life, rose from bed, drove through the night for three hours, and indeed found his brother in Connecticut helpless, alone and in dire medical straits.

**Story Machine.** Cheever is not a writer with a public personality to flourish and exploit, such as Hemingway or Norman Mailer. He has appeared on TV but once. He is rarely quoted in the newspapers. He has no scandalous opinions, and few opinions on any public subject. "In the presence of more than half a dozen people, he shrinks to the point of anonymity," says a friend. The essential point about this complex man is made by his veteran editor at *The New Yorker*, William Maxwell. Quoting Gertrude Stein on the absoluteness of creation, Maxwell once said: "If 'a rose is a rose is a rose,' a rose is also a rose-making machine." Cheever is a story-making machine. To untangle the somewhat lush botanical metaphor, this means not merely that Cheever is a natural writer, who thinks best about events in the pattern of a fable, but that he himself has become his own best-realized character.

On the level of realism, the Cheever biography is just another success story—of a man repaying the modest rewards of recognition after a lifetime of devoted apprenticeship, journeyman years, and final mastery of a difficult trade. His spiritual biography is something else again, seen clearly only in terms of his own severe moral vision. He sees man not in modern terms as any individual but as the center of a system of obligations. Evasion or betrayal of these obligations may be punishable by metamorphosis into some monstrous, less-than-human form. Life, he writes, is "a perilous moral journey." The freaks are



MARY CHEEVER

Sometimes a tribute in Latin to the quality of the roast.

those who have fallen from grace. Piety is rewarded by full humanity. His "piety," of course, is in the Latin sense of *pietas*. He is pious in what Webster notes as a second meaning: "Loyal devotion to parents, family, race, etc." And his pieties have been paid as son, husband, father and brother in stories which point the moral perils of each condition.

**Chosen Roots.** Being so caught up, so concerned with the orderly structure of society, it is not surprising that Cheever is much obsessed with roots—particularly his own. Los Angeles, on a brief visit, horrified him as the haven of all the U.S.'s displaced persons. In a final statement of pity and contempt for one character, he wrote: "He doesn't come from anywhere really. I mean he doesn't have anything nice to remember and so he borrows other people's memories."

It is typical of Cheever, both as realist and fabulist, that his own roots are partly invented. As Novelist Ellison observes: "Some people are your relatives but others are your ancestors, and you choose the ones you want to have as ancestors. You create yourself out of those values."

Cheever's vision of a New England social and moral aristocracy can probably not be substantiated by historical research. But it is a genuine vision which he successfully imposed upon the fictional past of St. Botolphs in creating *The Wapshot Chronicle*. Maybe St. Botolphs is not Quincy, Mass., where Cheever was born 51 years ago, but it is St. Somebody's; its topography is drawn in Cheever's mind. As such, it has become one of the great home towns of American fiction, like Mark Twain's Hannibal, Mo., or Thomas Wolfe's Altamont, in the state of Catawba. Like Altamont, St. Botolphs, Mass., may be found not in a state of the Union but in a state of mind. In its New England fashion, St. Botolphs is as much an in-

carnation of the demonology of history as Faulkner's Jefferson, Miss., where the living deal with the ghosts of a subject race and the unappeased guilt of the fratricidal Civil War. In St. Botolphs it is easier than it is in actual 20th century Quincy to see life as a system of divinely imposed sanctions, and to be aware that a nation founded by theological zealots ignores at its mortal peril the severe moral system of its Puritan progenitors.

**Myth Is Reality.** For all its period paraphernalia and local coloration of bicycles, Fourth of July parades, clam-bakes and the richly detailed human flotsam and jetsam of a tidewater town, *The Wapshot Chronicle* is essentially a simple drama of destinies and moralities. Father Leander Wapshot's wonderful journal (found in a trunk in the attic) recites like a Greek chorus the ancient obligations to race and region. He had taught his sons to "fell a tree, sow, cultivate and harvest, save money, countersink a nail, make cider with a hand press, clean a gun, sail a boat, etc." But Leander was defeated in his patriarchal role when his ferryboat was beached by women and turned into a gift shoppe. Leander's two sons, Moses and Coverly, were expelled from the paradisiacal St. Botolphs, but in the case of Coverly (who doubles for Author Cheever), he never really left it or rejected it: his life's task was "to create or build some kind of bridge between Leander's world and that world where he sought his fortune."

In the currently bestselling *Wapshot Scandal*, this world takes on baffling shapes—both more familiar and more strange. The scene is contemporary, but the solid modern pavement on which the characters walk is fractured by the inexplicable convulsions of the Space Age. Coverly, exiled to the noncommunitarian of a missile base, finds the apparently human personnel recognize each other's existence no more than so many shades in a picture-window limbo of



CHEEVER & OLDER BROTHER (1912)



IN QUINCY (AGE 7)



PASSPORT (1931)



WITH MARY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE (1940)

*Untouched by the magic of fable, whole areas of experience have disappeared.*

tract houses. His brother Moses, apparently better equipped than his dreamy brother to achieve success and enjoy its rewards, is defeated by the metamorphosis of his wife Melissa. Once the personification of love, she is transformed into a spirit of hostile chastity, and then into a voracious nymphomaniac, with Circe's vile power of turning men into beasts. Intended as a design in "improbability," Cheever's *Scandal* is saying that the bizarre, inexplicable and mythical event is closer to the truth of 1964 than any realistic report.

**Missionary on the Terrace.** In both his novels and stories, Cheever has taken, more or less intact from the past, the ancient American moral severities and told a hundred parables to show that the emancipated middle class about which he now writes must pay homage to his tribal gods of purity and order. He has added (his ancestors might have thought it a subtraction) a lyrical delight in natural creation. The American wilderness is a sacred grove (not an inimical principle, as it was to Hemingway). Cheever's world is one of delight for those who obey the gods. He has rejected Puritanism and its "habits of guilt, self-denial, taciturnity and penitence" as a mere limitation of life.

His faith belongs to the lyrical sonorities of the *Book of Common Prayer* or the incantatory praises to life of the *Song of Solomon*, which delights equally in woman and God. The grace-before-meat he says in his own house is likely to pay a tribute in doubtful Latin to the quality of the roast. Like a missionary in native costume (Ivy League in this case), Cheever has infiltrated the permissive, prosperous characters who people High Suburbia and is apt to show up on the cocktail terrace or dining room to disconcert his agnostic friends with a pulpit message and scandalize the merely pious by preaching it on a text from Ovid involving the couplings of goddesses and beasts.

De Maupassant's fiction has been likened to that of "a peasant eating the good side of a wormy apple." It is Cheever's peculiar distinction to make his readers relish the Winesap flesh at the same time as he etymologizes on

the worm; the importance of his fiction comes from the urgency of his moral insights. This puts his work in a different order of art from that of John O'Hara, a man of greater technical skill with a harder eye for the surface detail of current U.S. life, but one who is limited to a bleak and ironical view of existence in which nothing can compensate for economic and social defeat or deprivation of status. He has surmounted the limitation which renders jejune the social chronicles of John Marquand: Cheever can place his people as unerringly as Marquand in the social pecking order, but they are seen finally as naked spirits, not ladies and gentlemen at all.

**Flawed Memories.** The first Cheever in America was a Puritan schoolmaster who was eulogized by Cotton Mather for "his untiring abjuration of the devil" and who believed that "man is full of misery and all earthly beauty is lustful and corrupt." Cheever's mother and her parents emigrated from England, and, he says, "there was a certain air of shabby gentility about the whole thing. I hate to speak about the twilight of Athenian Boston and all that, but Cousin Randall would play two Beethoven sonatas after dinner, and everyone would sit around and belych."

But some of the specifics of Cheever's childhood let him down—a fact which may have something to do with the fact that today he wears Brooks Brothers shirts with their conspicuously missing pockets and would never consider having a mongrel dog. Unlike its St. Bololphs counterpart, the old family homestead in Quincy was not the biggest house in town, and his family was not the first family, and Quincy, of course, is a fairly routine middle-class "suburb" of Boston.

Cheever's father, a model for Leander in the *Wapshot* books, was a shoe salesman—"a commercial traveler with a flower in his buttonhole," says Cheever. He had a way with and an eye for the ladies, did not marry till late in life. He was 49 when John was born. Soon thereafter he began to have financial trouble.

His mother was tiny (under 5 ft.) but determined. She opened a gift shop to keep the family going, and after the

1929-30 crash his father lost his job and never worked again. Says Brother Fred: "Mother was a madam president, but she was never really the president of anything, always just the second level. But Mother used to throw it around: 'I'm a businesswoman,' she would say. John was very hurt by this." Admits Cheever: "It was one of the reasons I left home so early. I'd be damned if I would be supported by a gift shop."

**Divided Loyalty.** Cheever obviously was torn. Mother was worthy, but father was a character. Like Leander, he kept a journal, and his style is Leander's style. "He was a great storyteller and a great guy with the dolls," says Fred. "He didn't drown, as John has Leander doing in the book. He died sitting in a wing chair with a cup of tea by his side. We think he may have had a girl there with him."

The bony structure of many of Cheever's mature stories came from such skeletons in the family closet. Cheever today is at peace with the past; the fabulist's art has exorcised the family dead of the power to hurt the living, and Cheever now gives the impression that he could deal with a whole ossuary of colonial skeletons. "There is something very dark and mysterious about my family," he says with great relish. "My parents would never tell me much about it. Once, when I was old enough to talk to my father as an adult, we were sitting together in front of a big fire, a nor'easter roaring outside. We were swapping dirty stories, the feeling was intimate, and I felt that this was the time when I could bring up the subject. 'Father, would you tell me something about your father?' 'No!' And that was that."

Cheever was an obviously gifted child. His mother took him to Ipsen plays in Boston, and he got nosebleeds out of sheer excitement. He was chubby then and no athlete, but he early discovered his talent for storytelling, and used to gather a crowd of his contemporaries around him on the family veranda on a summer afternoon while he held forth. In his early teens, he sneaked off to Boston, where he hung around that citadel

of burlesque, the Old Howard, cadging an occasional pat from the strippers. Cheever's academic career, in which he never took much interest, ended abruptly when he was expelled from Thayer Academy at the age of 17—chiefly for neglecting his studies and smoking.

**End of Learning.** Being expelled from school is easy stuff—thousands of Holden Caulfields do it every year; as the wounded adolescent swaggers out of the gates of the old academy, he swears that when he gets around to it, he will write up the whole story and restore justice to the shattered universe. Unlike most, young John Cheever actually did write it all down and sent the story to Malcolm Cowley at the *New Republic*, who promptly printed it. The really astonishing thing about *Expelled* was not that it was written and actually published, but that there was no self-pity in it.

Wrote the boy: "The orchards are stinking ripe. The tea-colored brooks run beneath the rocks. There is sediment

on the stone and no wind in the willows. Everyone is preparing to go back to school. I have no school to go back to . . . If I had left because I had to go to work or because I was sick it would not have been so bad. Leaving because you are angry and frustrated is different. It is not a good thing to do. It is bad for everyone." The frustrations seem to have been not much more than the military traditions of the school (named for Sylvanus Thayer, the "father" of West Point), and the fact that the English teachers were running on about Wordsworth and Galworthy while Cheever was precociously reading Proust and Joyce.

But the expulsion left Cheever alone for a long time. He and his brother Fred, older by seven years, took off for Boston in spite of their mother's bewildered tears. There and then, John Cheever, with no prospects in this world, was like to become a spiritual vagrant—one of that vocal tribe of U.S. intelligentsia whose identifying

marks are alienation and a search for identity. Cheever never had any doubt as to his identity. As an economic unit, he was a zero—apparently just a lost boy hanging around Boston. But his brother Fred, who was as convinced as John himself that writing was John's business in life, subsidized him with the midget sums necessary to keep him alive.

They fell in with a bohemian group of intellectuals led by Hazel Hawthorne, whom Fred describes as "one of the original beats," and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, a somewhat leftist drama professor at Columbia and Harvard. Dana subsidized Cheever modestly, and Hazel took him to Provincetown to visit the famed Playhouse. He was already keeping the meticulous diary in which he accumulated the incidents, sights, smells and thoughts that are the raw material for his books. Cheever even then seemed to have an infinite capacity for wonder, was constantly fascinated with how close reality came to the fantastic. He began to place an oc-

## THE METAMORPHOSES OF JOHN CHEEVER

*For all the tween, gin, and torn commuter tickets in the stuff of John Cheever's fiction, his stories carry the ancient authority of a faith that good and evil are not merely words, that grace rewards with joy on earth those who obey the gods, and that a Miltonic "chaos and old night" full of vengeful demons awaits the defiant and untidy. He has a long view in which:*

► *The magic of the imagination redeems life:* "Art is the triumph over chaos (no less) and we can accomplish this only by the most vigilant exercise of choice, but in a world that changes more swiftly than we can perceive there is always the danger that our powers of selection will be mistaken and that the vision we serve will come to nothing. We admire decency and we despise death, but even the mountains seem to shift in the space of a night and perhaps the exhibitionist at the corner of Chestnut and Elm streets is more significant than the lovely woman with a bar of sunlight in her hair, putting a fresh piece of cuttlebone in the nightingale's cage."

► *A drunken Episcopal priest who has forgotten his liturgy may utter a valid prayer:* "Let us pray for all those killed or cruelly wounded on thruways, expressways, freeways, and turnpikes. Let us pray for all those burned to death in faulty plane landings, mid-air collisions and mountainside crashes. Let us pray for all those wounded by rotary lawn mowers, chain saws, electric hedge clippers and other power tools. Let us pray for all alcoholics measuring out the days that the Lord hath made in ounces, pints and fifths."

► *Common life is a blessed thing:* "I took the regular train home, looking out of the window at a peaceable landscape and a spring evening, and it seemed to me that fishermen and lone bathers and grade-crossing watchmen and sand-lot ballplayers and lovers unashamed of their sport and owners of small sailing craft and old men playing pinochle in firehouses were the people who stitched up the big holes in the world that were made by men like me."

► *Moral deformity carries its own stigma:* "He was a tall man with an astonishing and somehow elegant curvature of the spine, formed by an enlarged lower abdomen, which he carried in a stately and contented way, as if it contained money and securities."

► *Many of the dead are still living:* "Emile's mother was one of those widows who keep themselves in a continuous state of readiness for some call, some invitation, some meeting that will never take place because the lover is dead. You find them answering the telephone in the back-street cab stands of little towns, their hair freshly bleached, their nails painted, their high-arched shoes ready for dancing with someone who cannot come."

► *Pity is the cruel emotion:* "If there is anybody I detest, it is weak-minded sentimentalists—all those melancholy people who, out of an excess of sympathy for others, miss the thrill of their own essence and drift through life without identity, like a human fog, feeling sorry for everyone."

► *Sociology is an enemy of the intelligence:* "Among his friends and neighbors, there were brilliant and gifted people—he saw that—but many of them, also, were bores and fools, and he had made the mistake of listening to all of them with equal attention. He had confused a lack of discrimination with Christian love, and the confusion seemed general and destructive."

► *The rootless can never be happy:* "It was the kind of place where the houses stand cheek by jowl, all of them built twenty years ago, and parked beside each was a car that seemed more substantial than the house itself, as if that were a fragment of some nomadic culture. And it was a kind of spawning ground, a place for bearing and raising the young and for nothing else—for who would ever come back to Maple Dell?"

► *Life itself survives its detractors:* "I think of some plumber who, waked by the rain, will smile at a vision of the world in which all the drains are miraculously cleaned and free . . . I think that the rain will wake some old lady, who will wonder if she has left her copy of *Dombey and Son* in the garden. Her shawl? Did she cover the chairs? And I know that the sound of the rain will wake some lovers, and that its sound will seem to be a part of that force that has thrust them into one another's arms. Then I sit up in bed and exclaim aloud to myself, 'Valor! Love! Virtue! Compassion! Splendor! Kindness! Wisdom! Beauty!' The words seem to have the colors of the earth, and as I recite them I feel my hopefulness mount until I am contented and at peace with the night."

casual story—earning him \$25 in *Story* or little more than prestige in *Hound & Horn*. With such encouragement and support, he moved into New York's Greenwich Village, met Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings, James Agee, Hart Crane, Ben Shahn, Gaston Lachaise.

**Bleak Time.** Cheever sold his first story to *The New Yorker* when he was 22, and the magazine soon became a regular Cheever customer. *New Yorker* rates were not what they are today, and his survival as a writer during the bleak years is a mystery to his friends and even to him. But he was determined from the start not to be diverted from fulltime writing by the mere need to eat. For a while he lived on stale bread and buttermilk in a \$3 room on Hudson Street. Yaddo, the writers' colony run

Germany or some place," he says, brushing off the subject forever.

The same blank extends to the whole decade of the '30s. Cheever survived those politically obsessed times but did not live through them. While all his friends gathered themselves into ideological camps, Cheever remained simply a writer whose commitments were to his private moral vision; he was deaf to the whole public hullabaloo about ideologies, from the New Deal to literary Communism. Politics still bores him, except on the level where it might involve the school library or the new road that disturbs the kingfishers nesting in the reeds of the Croton estuary.

He wrote all the time, but in those days there was nothing much to distinguish his work from 20 other short-

Avenue. Actually, their meeting was rich in social comedy of the ironic kind that Cheever simply doesn't deal with or acknowledge when it is there. As Mary tells it, she was working as a sort of trainee-typist in the office of Cheever's literary agent, Maxim Lieber. It is one of the ironies of the time that Cheever, least political of men, should then have been represented by one of the busiest left-wingers of them all, with a stable of *New Masses* writers.

Mary was clever. The English would call her "brainy" in a way that John has never been, and she came out of Sarah Lawrence College in 1939 full of all the vague, intense, liberal left-wingery of that period. "I thought all people who indulged in commerce were wicked," she recalls.

**Separate Room.** On the surface, the story of John and Mary Cheever is a period piece of the '30s. John called in a taxi at Mary's rooming house and swept her off to his Village apartment, where they set up housekeeping. Actually, with vestigial New England punctilio, Mary was installed in a separate room. In any case, events shifted the story into a pattern closer to John's anachronistic traditions. With all the pomp of an outraged Victorian parent, Mary's father descended upon the pair and demanded to know John's intentions. "Marriage, of course," said John.

Father was indeed a formidable man, the redoubtable Dr. Milton C. Winternitz, dean of the Yale Medical School, spectacularly dynamic and articulate, and full of the authoritarian traditions of his profession. In short, a character to delight Cheever's heart. To Mary's faint astonishment, John immediately became a member of the family from which she herself had fled.

The family, indeed, could not have been better designed to excite the interest of a chronicler of domestic drama. Mary's mother was Dr. Helen Watson, a daughter of that Thomas A. Watson who was on the other end of Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone conversation ("Mr. Watson, come here"). Dr. Winternitz himself was in a state of passionately transferred loyalties. Born a Jew, he had become what Freud, in his study on the technique of wit, called ante-Semitic. "When my mother died, he thought he would improve his social position by marrying a Whitney, but I don't think he did." Mary says drily, leaving no doubt as to her opinion of the high life at New Haven, Conn., which the Winternitz-Whitney family maintained.

**Spacious Way.** John's filial pleasure in being provided with a new, ready-made family was unaffected, as was his delight in the spectacle of his father-in-law and stepmother-in-law having dramatic lovers' quarrels in their 70s. The new family was huge. There were nine children in all, and the sense of size was enhanced by their spacious way of life. They lived in a huge baronial mansion on New Haven's best street,



THE CHEEVERS (WITH JOHN UPDIKE & WIFE) AT THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS DINNER  
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by Mrs. Elizabeth Ames at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., became a home away from home. He stayed there off and on for several years, even through one winter when other writers had fled their literary monastery, working for his board on the woodlot, running supplies, and as general tactician.

Details of this bleak time are hard to come by from Cheever. The reason for this lies in a paradox of the fabulist's imagination. Cheever's stories enrich his life; he possesses it in a way denied to people who merely live it. Memory is important, but only memory transformed by the imagination; and to Cheever, those who have not dealt with their past and the painful realities of their origins are only half men.

Cheever's kind of imagination carries practical penalties. If it has not been engaged in any event, it ceases to exist for him. Untouched by the magic of fable, whole areas of experience have disappeared. This includes an early walking tour of Europe with his brother Fred. Today Cheever unaffectedly cannot remember the countries he was in. "I suppose I was in France or

story writers. The tone of the time was bleak, flat, ironical. He achieved this style, but it was not really his. Nor did the times suit his lyrical temperament, which today can express itself in dithyrambic celebrations. This salute to the richness of life with all its surface shimmer is part of his faith as a writer and the central ritual of his faith as a man. In one of the few statements he is prepared to make about his religion, which is Episcopal, he says little more than "I do not think it is too much to get down on my knees once a week to thank God for the coming wonder and glory of life."

**The Family.** His true theme is the family and the intricate web of emotional and moral tensions which compose it, and he could not thus become a writer until he had himself become involved in the complex spiritual pieties of a family.

The family was not his own; it belonged to Mary Winternitz. As Cheever tells it, he picked up Mary in the street, simply because she was beautiful and he fell in love with her. Pressed for details, he says that it was at 545 Fifth

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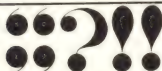
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had an estate in the New Hampshire hills consisting of a great central house and several flanking cottages to take care of the subfamilies involved. Cheever spent long weeks at both places, found a crackling and fond relation with old Dr. Winternitz, a man of astounding energy. In some curious way, immersion in the Winternitz family released Cheever from a kind of writer's block that he had had about his own strained childhood, and led him eventually back to the Wapshots of St. Bortolphi. True to the paradox of his art, he found a hope in the past and a memory in the future.

The Monogamist. The Cheever marriage is a subject of more than ordinary interest to their friends, seeing that the bulk of Cheever's work concerns somehow a vexation or a crisis in relations between husband and wife. The heart of the matter is probably best deduced from the fact that John Cheever, almost alone in the field of modern fiction, is one who celebrates the glories and delights of monogamy.

It is the destructive principle in woman that has been the subject of his most bitter domestic story theorems. The most famous of these is *The Well-Educated American Woman*. The fable speaks for all men who think their wives are too busy with public events to cook, look after their children and love their husbands. When Cheever gave reign to his worst fears (a child dies of fever because mother was at a meeting), Mary didn't take this too much to heart: "I did go to one or two meetings of the League of Women Voters, but I do think he should not have killed the little boy." She has a husband that will spend all the eloquence at his command celebrating woman as Venus or Venus-matrix but never as Minerva, a woman likely to put modern man through more troubles than the Iliad of misery Hector suffered under her command.

The Cheevers have three children. Susan, 20, is a junior at Pembroke; Ben, 15, is at the Scarborough School; and Frederico, 7, goes to a local elementary school. The family moved to Scarborough, a heavily wooded community just south of Ossining, in 1950, renting what Cheever describes as a "remodeled tool shed" on the huge estate of Frank A. Vanderlip Sr., onetime president of the National City Bank. After M-G-M bought *The Housebreaker of Shady Hill* for around \$40,000 in 1956 (it was never made into a movie), the Cheevers took off for a year in Italy, returned to buy a house in Ossining, a little way up the Hudson River from Scarborough. Mornings are devoted to writing, but Cheever happily spends afternoons doing an suburban homeowner's chores and errands for his busy wife, who teaches English literature three days a week at nearby Briarcliff College. Every Sunday he attends 8 a.m. Communion at All Saints Episcopal Church. He delights in danc-

ing, enjoys his liquor with zest. His courtesy is immaculate, but in speech he is elliptical to the point of exasperation, with a tendency to finish only one in four of his sentences.

Moral Delight. Cheever is not a great expositor of character. Fiction as character study belongs to the Victorian novel, and this, he believes, is as obsolete as the world it moved in—the tight, homogeneous community, before mass communications smoothed out the world and blurred individuality. This tends to make his novels seem disjointed, but he defends it on the ground that disjunction is the nature of modern society.

Passions—abstracted from idiosyncrasy—and places are his concern. Thus the stage settings of his morality plays are important. In his stories, the places people live in are as eloquent of their lives as the words that issue out of their mouths.

Morality is his standard, but delight is his theme. And uniquely among latter-day writers, he argues that delight can come through morality, and perhaps only through it. No illicit pleasures commend themselves to Cheever. Says he, quoting Leander's last testament to his sons: "Stand up straight. Admire the world. Relish the love of a gentle woman. Trust in the Lord." Cheever does not interpret this as restrictive.

Technically, his attempt is to "determine whether you can describe the world in its own terms, by what people talk about or dream about."

Glad Tidings. "Writing," he says, "must extend itself into a whole new sense of factuality. When you find a woman, for instance, obsessed with her plaid-stamp book, I think you perhaps have something there that would be in the nature of an altogether new truth. It is quite possible that a woman who goes to sleep and dreams of getting a new plaid-stamp book is not quite as undignified as she appears to be. People actually sidestep the pain of death and despair by the thought of purchasing things. I am a traditionalist. I live in an old house, come from an old family, but the time for gravity or even making fun of people who go to bed and dream of having 17 plaid-stamp books full is over. One has to accept these people as adult and useful, and people have had worse dreams."

Ultimately, Cheever tries to "celebrate a world that lies spread out around us like a bewildering and stupendous dream." Says he: "One has an impulse to bring glad tidings to someone. My sense of literature is a sense of giving, not a diminishment. I know almost no pleasure greater than having a piece of fiction draw together disparate incidents so that they relate to one another and confirm that feeling that life itself is a creative process, that one thing is put purposefully upon another, that what is lost in one encounter is replenished in the next, and that we possess some power to make sense of what takes place."



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continued right-hand column



EXTRA LIGHT

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## MILESTONES

**Marriage Revealed.** Prince Andrew of Yugoslavia, 34, brother of former King Peter II, now a London insurance broker; and German-born Princess Kira of Leiningen, 33; he for the second time; at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, "some time last year," in a ceremony that the publicity-shy prince refrained from announcing until eight days after Kira bore him a son March 11.

**Died.** Brendan Francis Behan, 41, professional Irish tosspot and *hovey* terrible, semiprofessional writer of wit and distinction, a pudgy, rumpiled, onetime juvenile terrorist for the I.R.A. who staggered into the limelight in 1958 with his scabrous reform-school memoir, *Borstal Boy*, two brilliantly nihilistic plays of Dublin low jinks, *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage*, but despite faint, repeated vows to stay "off the gangle," subsequently squandered his fire-works in binges from Los Angeles to London; of diabetes, jaundice and acute alcoholism; in Dublin.

**Died.** The Rev. Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, 58, Jesuit priest aboard the carrier U.S.S. *Franklin* when it was set afire by Kamikaze pilots off Japan on March 19, 1945, who gave last rites, organized rescue parties, carried ammunition from blistering magazines, helped make it back to port with the heaviest casualty list in U.S. naval history (432 dead, 1,000 wounded), winner of the only Congressional Medal of Honor ever awarded to a chaplain; of a ruptured aorta; in Worcester, Mass.

**Died.** Norbert Wiener, 69, M.I.T. mathematician, cyberneticist, linguist; of a heart attack; in Stockholm (see SCIENCE).

**Died.** Nicholas Joy, 80, London-born character actor whose hair turned grey at 22, giving him a half-century to play an all-purpose, Anglo-American Blimp—the lean, mean subspecies—in more than 100 plays and films, notably *The Philadelphia Story* (Hephurn's papa), *The Iremean Cometh* (the Boer War hero), sitting in so many stage wing chairs puffing Corona Coronas that he developed phlebitis, occupational ailment of English clubmen; of a heart attack; in Philadelphia.

**Died.** Frederick Hudson Ecker, 96, longtime (1929-51) president and chairman of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., world's largest, with 1963 assets of \$20 billion (and father of Frederic W. Ecker, head of Metropolitan from 1953 until a year before his death three weeks ago at 67), who signed on as a \$4-a-week mail boy in 1883, rose to direct all Metropolitan investments, most notably Metropolitan apartment communities, from Parklabbrea in Los Angeles to Manhattan's Stuyvesant Town; in Manhattan.

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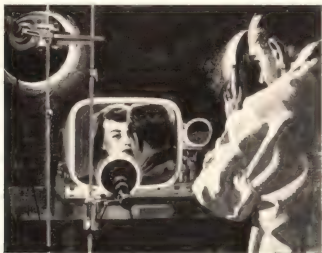
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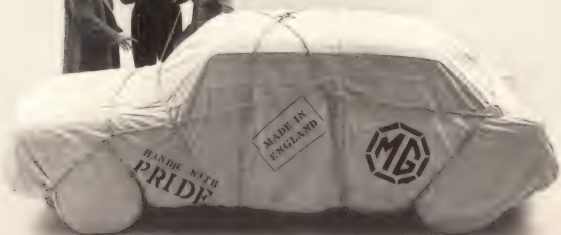


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# U.S. BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### The Long Gain

On April 1 the U.S. economy will begin what should turn out to be its 38th straight month of expansion—the longest peacetime period of gain in three decades. The rise is much stronger than the 52-month expansion that came in the midst of the Depression of the 1930s, and is already longer than the 35-month boom of the mid-1950s. Both of those previous expansions ended with sharp drops; but today there is little worry that the U.S. has had it too good for too long and thus may face a jarring business decline.

The important indicators are rising (see box), yet none so fast that they cause concern. Last week, as reports came out heralding important gains in industrial production, personal income, auto sales and housing, many businessmen and economists were no longer taking seriously the old textbook notion that a modern economy can scarcely expect three consecutive years of record auto production, or four straight years of plump times. Said Chief Presidential Economist Walter Heller: "The expansion should continue well into 1965."

General Motors Chairman Frederic Donner figured that what is good for the U.S. is good for G.M., and vice versa. Dedicating a remarkable new plant at Fremont, Calif.—a factory that spews out Buicks, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Chevrolets and two kinds of trucks from the same assembly line—Donner jovially sprang the news that the world's biggest manufacturer has just begun its most ambitious expansion in history.

Over the next two years, G.M. will spend \$1.2 billion to retrofit for new models and nearly \$2 billion to build three new plants and enlarge and improve three dozen existing ones, many of which are producing to the limit. The spending will create 50,000 new jobs at G.M.—and thousands more for its suppliers and construction contractors. Donner predicted "continued dynamic growth for our industry," said that G.M. is gearing up for what should be a normal market of 10-11 million cars and trucks a year by 1970.

That is certainly a conservative estimate, considering that sales ran at an annual rate of 8,400,000 cars in the first 70 days of this year.

**Pleasant Surprise.** Businessmen everywhere are spending: American Telephone & Telegraph alone will invest more than \$3 billion in plant and equipment in 1964. Many economic experts believe

## SIGNS OF RISE

Indicator	1963	1964	Change
Gross Nat'l Product <sup>1</sup>	\$572 bill.	\$607 bill.	up 6.1%
Capital Spending <sup>1</sup>	\$ 36.95 bill.	\$ 41.25 bill.	up 11.6%
Retail Sales <sup>1</sup>	\$ 35.3 bill.	\$ 37.6 bill.	up 6.5%
Cash Dividends <sup>1</sup>	\$ 1.6 bill.	\$ 1.8 bill.	up 9.8%
Personal Income <sup>1</sup>	\$454 bill.	\$478 bill.	up 5.3%
Housing Starts <sup>1</sup>	1,300,000	1,643,000	up 29.4%
Steel (31st eleven weeks)	22.1 mill. tons	24.5 mill. tons	up 10.8%
Consumer Price Index (Jan.)	106	107.6	up 1.5%
Wholesale Price Index (Feb.)	100.2	100.5	up 0.3%
Unemployment, (Feb.)	5.9%	5.4%	down 8.5%

<sup>1</sup>Annual rate in 1st Qr.

<sup>2</sup>Total, Jan. & Feb.

<sup>3</sup>Annual rate in Feb.

that capital budgets will rise more than the anticipated 10% this year—largely because they expect that the tax cut will inspire the U.S. public to spend more. The cuts will average out to \$133 a year for each wage earner. It is still too soon to measure how much of his saving the consumer will spend, but early signs are hopeful.

Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., who depends on his personal impressions of the economy almost as much as on all the statistics, was surprised at how much the tax cut increased his own paycheck\* and figured that other people will be just as pleasantly surprised. A quick check with department store executives in Los Angeles, Dallas, Cleveland and Detroit convinced him last week that sales are in for a substantial lift.

Another hopeful sign is that business policymakers still have much confidence in President Johnson—confidence that they denied to John Kennedy. "The business community likes the way Johnson got the budget down under \$100 billion," explains Chairman Henry Clay Alexander of Morgan Guaranty Trust. "Getting the tax bill passed created a favorable impression." The whole mood of business has bettered considerably since January. "Confidence in the business outlook is stronger than at any time in the past four years," said the Morgan Guaranty's monthly letter.

**Ranking Problem.** Last week there also appeared one of the rare glimmers of hope for solving the nation's most ranking economic problem: unemployment. Though nonfarm employment usually drops by as much as 350,000 in February, it actually rose by 80,000 last month, to 56.9 million Americans at work in shops, offices and factories. Walter Heller expects that the business expansion will reduce the rate of unemployment from 5.4% to 5% or below by year's end. That would still be short of the Administration's goal of 4%, and the nation would still have to work at

finding 3,000,000 jobs a year—1,000,000 for new workers and 2,000,000 for those displaced by technological changes.

Even so, Walter Reuther said last week that his United Automobile Workers would go to the bargaining table next July "under the most favorable set of circumstances in our history."

This week the U.A.W.'s convention at Atlantic City will debate how much to ask for, and the likelihood is that the union will demand

a package increase of about 5%, much more than the rough 3.2% guideline that the Administration suggested in January as reasonable and noninflationary. One of the Administration's greatest concerns now is that other labor chiefs will demand at least as much as Reuther. That—combined with a big increase in purchasing power, a big federal deficit and a continuing policy of easy money—could bring on inflation and end the U.S.'s six-year period of relative price stability. With such a prospect in mind, President Johnson in his speech this week to the Auto Workers, and Heller in a talk to the Economic Club of Detroit, will plead for restraint all around on prices and wages.

Prices have already begun to creep up. Rises were posted last week for copper, glass containers, aluminum, and some chemicals, but Administration economists argue that unemployment and the fact that industry is still operating at 85% to 87% of capacity will hold increases within bounds. Taking a longer look, a few economists and businessmen worry that taxes have been cut too much in one lump. That, they say, raises the danger of an over-expansion later in 1964 which could lead to a day of reckoning some time next year. For the present, however, the only major question is how good 1964 will be.

INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION

127.6

FEB. 1964

## TOBACCO

### The Washington Hearings On Cigarette Labeling

In Washington's Federal Trade Commission building last week, visitors carefully sniffed out cigarettes before entering the special FTC hearing in Room 532. For the next three days, Congressmen, Governors, doctors, lawyers and businessmen argued an issue that is of overwhelming concern to the nation's \$8 billion tobacco industry and its 70 million customers. The issue: Can the FTC force the cigarette companies to label every one of their packages and

\* Martin, who earns \$20,500 a year, collected \$30 more on his biweekly paycheck.

FEB. 1961  
103.4  
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION  
1957=100



SENATOR NEUBERGER

Folly to cut down by building up.

advertisements with an explicit warning that cigarettes are harmful?

**Fantasy?** The defenders of the cigarette companies did not dispute the Surgeon General's report that cigarette smoking endangers health. Instead, they put forth their case on the grounds of economic necessity and freedom of enterprise. Said North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford: "We do not label automobiles dangerous, although they are one of the greatest killers. We do not insist that whisky be labeled with advice that one out of 15 who takes a first drink will become an alcoholic." The cigarette company presidents were conspicuously absent, but their attorney argued that only Congress—not the FTC—has the power to order such drastic labeling rules. Other critics pointed to the apparent folly of one Government agency's attempting to cut down tobacco sales while another—the Agriculture Department—has shoveled out \$100 million to subsidize tobacco.

Under the FTC's plan, a TV pitchman might have to say: "Pall Mall's natural mildness is so friendly to your taste"—and then add "Cigarette smoking is dangerous to health. It may cause death from cancer and other diseases." Or a newspaper ad might read: "Not Too Strong, Not Too Light, Viceroy's Got the Taste that's Right . . . Cigarette smoking is a health hazard: the Surgeon General's committee on smoking and health has found that 'Cigarette smoking contributes substantially to mortality from certain specific diseases and to the overall death rate.'"

To avoid such nightmares, industry spokesmen called for self-regulation by the companies, though they were vague on specifics. Oregon Senator Maurice Neuberger, a longtime crusader for labeling laws, was unimpressed: "Self-



FTC'S DIXON

regulation is at best fantasy and at worst a dilatory tactic." FTC Chairman Paul Rand Dixon was determined to carry out the labeling; once the commission finishes studying arguments next month, it will probably hand down such an order. At that point, following FTC procedure, the industry will have to go into federal court to overturn the order—and the case is almost certain to end up in the U.S. Supreme Court.

**A Kick from Lyndon.** The cigarette companies were getting burned on many sides. New York City's Health Commissioner, Dr. George James, said that the city was considering a labeling law of its own that could well extend to all the advertising carried by TV programs or publications originating in Manhattan. Even Lyndon Johnson kicked the industry in his hour-long television interview: "I gave up cigarette smoking because the doctor recommended that I do so, and I have missed it every day, but I haven't gone back to it, and I am glad that I haven't."

The industry's strategy is to keep quiet but also to rush out new brands that are designed to carry an aura of safety. Hottest item on the market is the charcoal filter, which was given a lift after one member of the Surgeon General's panel, Harvard Chemist Louis F. Fieser, said offhandedly that he had switched to Liggett & Myers' charcoal-filtered Lark. Two weeks ago, P. Lorillard, which makes York Imperial-size, introduced a charcoal-tipped brand called York Filters. Another old brand, Brown & Williamson's Avalon, has returned with charcoal in the tip, and last week R. J. Reynolds announced a new charcoal-filtered cigarette called Tempo. The industry contends that the charcoal granules "scrub" out of the smoke a scary array of gases—including hydrogen cyanide, formaldehyde, ammonia and acrolein—that flatten the hairlike fibers protecting the respiratory system. But some also screen out so much of the taste that manufacturers are spiking their filters with rum, fruit and licorice flavoring.

**Sales Slump.** For the industry, February was disastrous. Tax reports last week showed that cigarette sales plummeted 18% in New York, 20% to 30% in Nebraska, Ohio, Wisconsin and Wyoming, more than 30% in Iowa and Washington, D.C. But there were signs that smokers were beginning to shake off the health reports instead of the habit. In Winston-Salem, Durham and Louisville, cigarette plants that had gone on three- and four-day weeks last month were back by now on full schedule. Kroger, Safeway and other supermarket chains reported that sales were rebounding—though not to what they were before.

Tobacco men are plainly worried but still confident that almost all quitters will change their minds. They take heart from what happened in Britain. Antismoking posters cover public buildings there, and cigarette advertising is banned from TV until after 9 p.m. Despite this energetic government campaign, cigarette sales rose 5% last year to a record \$3 billion, and Britons spent more for smokes than for bread, milk and eggs put together.

## ADVERTISING

### Moving the Spirits

While tobacco advertising may be tightening up, the stiff but self-made restrictions on the advertising of whisky may be loosening. Last week one member of the National Association of Broadcasters said that it would ignore the NAB prohibition of whisky commercials. The dissenting member was none other than the prestigious radio station of the New York Times, WQXR. Soon after it pronounced that all the booze is fit to broadcast (after 10:30 p.m., anyhow) Muirhead's Scotch and Schenley bought all the available time slots, worth up to \$70,000 a year.

Though WQXR has never subscribed to the NAB code, it is a member in good standing—and the only major one accepting whisky ads. About 80 non-members, mostly small stations, have carried commercials for Publicker Industries (Old Hickory, Inver House) since Publicker in 1961 decided to crack the silence barrier. The commercials are usually low-key, aired only at night and never on Sunday. Protests from listeners have been few.

Chief criticism has come from some broadcasters and distillery executives, who feel that freer advertising would provoke the Prohibitionists. The broadcasters, however, freely advertise beer and wine, which, when used immoderately, can be just as overpowering as whisky. Last week NAB President LeRoy Collins strongly urged WQXR to reconsider, said that its position could "break down the gates." But Brooklyn Congressman Emanuel Celler congratulated the station for "wiping away the hypocrisy."



**Our man on chocolate bunnies  
has come up with a cool idea that won't melt the merchandise**

We asked our lighting specialist on foods to put both bunnies on the spot for ten minutes. The result is dramatic proof of the "extras" you get from General Electric. The lamp on the left is the G-E Cool-Beam, while the one on the right is an ordinary spotlight. The advantage of the new Cool-Beam PAR lamp is that it sheds 70% of the radiant heat out through the back of the lamp.

Now you can use incandescent spot-lighting with far less concern about the effect of heat on foods, meats, displays or fabrics. You get true-to-life color values with a greatly reduced chance of discoloration. When you want more light to add "punch" to displays, remember that with Cool-Beam lamps, you can deliver three times as much light without raising radiant heat levels.

If you have a lighting problem of any sort, we have the ideas and the specialists to help you solve it.

Only General Electric offers so many ways to help you save money with better lighting ideas. For the latest in lamps, applications, packaging and services, see your Large Lamp Agent. Or write General Electric Company, Large Lamp Dept. C-410, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

VISIT GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESSLAND • A *Walt Disney* PRESENTATION • AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR







*Elk on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where timber is a perpetual crop.*

## Farms in the forest grow trees for you and yours

Timber is grown as a managed crop on Weyerhaeuser lands to supply wood products for you, your children and your grandchildren. This requires continual reforestation and careful tending of each new crop for up to 80 years.

Until recent years, this kind of long-range investment was impractical. Now it's a different story. Farsighted legislation passed in 1944 set up a common-sense basis for timber taxation. As a result, 27 thousand individuals and firms are now growing tree crops as a business.

The risks, however, are still very large.

Fire, insects and disease are constant enemies. Protection calls for private road systems, fire equipment and crews, and occasional aerial spraying to combat an insect infestation. Research to find new and better ways to grow and protect tree crops also adds to the cost.

Despite the risks and costs, private tree farming is a sound business. It must remain so if America is to continue to enjoy the many advantages brought about through modern industrial forest management.

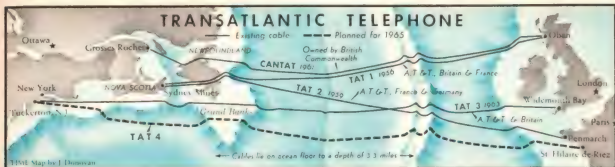
Consider the benefits. Today about 64 million acres of private forestland are dedicated to perpetual production of timber and more acreage is being added every year. These lands are a continuing source of jobs, taxes, wood, water, wildlife and recreation. Under today's realistic tax and economic climate they can remain so forever.

Send for free *Wildlife Picture Booklet* describing our forestry practices and products. The booklet features a number of wildlife color pictures ideal for framing, as well as interesting facts about modern forestry. Write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A3, Tacoma, Wash. 98401.

*From Weyerhaeuser tree farms—today's most complete line of wood building products.*



**Weyerhaeuser**



## COMMUNICATIONS

### Cutting In on the Line

Machines are becoming almost as communicative as people—to the delight of big communications companies. Computers chatter over great distances, exchanging complex data in whirling tones, and telegraph and teletype clatter with increasing volume across the oceans. Such conversations between machines offer the communications companies their most exciting prospects for the future. Thus it was doubly disappointing to American Telephone and Telegraph that the U.S. Government last week shut it out of most of this business on the busy transatlantic circuits.

**Mother Bell's Designs.** Climaxing one of the bitterest business battles in recent history, the Federal Communications Commission turned down A.T. & T.'s request for permission to transmit printed as well as spoken communications through its transatlantic cables, which are capable of carrying both. The combined service would have given a huge sales advantage to A.T. & T., since many companies now want combination telephone-teletype hookups in order to discuss deals, plans or formulas by phone, then record them in print.

More important, the FCC gave this advantage to A.T. & T.'s chief rivals—RCA, Western Union International and International Telephone and Telegraph. The FCC ruled that these competitors may go into transatlantic voice communication, offer a combined telephone-teletype service. They will thus break A.T. & T.'s monopoly on transatlantic phone calls. Said an FCC aide about the fortunate three: "They're the little boys, so they deserve the breaks."

The decision came in the complicated case of Transatlantic Telephone Cable No. 4—known as "TAT 4." The first effective Atlantic cable was laid in 1866 by the famed *Great Eastern* and still carries telegraph messages. Since 1956, A.T. & T. has laid three TATs that accommodate both printed and voice messages (previously, transatlantic calls were made by radiophone). A.T. & T. shares ownership of these cables variously with Canada, France, Britain and Germany. Each of the existing lines has as many as 84 channels, and A.T. & T. leases some of them to the U.S. telegraph and teletype companies for \$102,000 a year per channel.

Until recently, A.T. & T. had limited its own ambitions to the transatlantic phone business. But last October, petitioning the FCC for permission to lay the fourth cable, A.T. & T. also asked to offer a combined voice and print service. The smaller companies howled, accused "Mother Bell" of monopolistic designs.

**Shifting Pattern.** The FCC decision permitted A.T. & T. to build its fourth cable—with Germany and France as junior partners—but also ordered that Mother Bell's competitors be given the opportunity to buy (not just lease) a part of it. Even more disconcerting to A.T. & T. was the implication in last week's decision that the Government wants to help out the company's smaller competitors. Some of Mother Bell's supporters feared that Washington might place so many restrictions on A.T. & T.'s combined voice-data communications service in the U.S. that the company might be priced out of this new business, which already brings the company \$90 million a year.

## COSMETICS

### A New Unwrinkle

The newest wrinkle in the \$2.5 billion cosmetics business is a lotion that camouflages the creases in a woman's face. Last month Helene Curtis got a lead on the market by rushing out its Magic Secret lotion. This week Coty begins shipping LineAway. In May, Revlon will release Liqui-Lift; other unwrinklers will come soon after from Helena Rubinstein, Max Factor and Del Russo of Miami. In the boudoir—and

on Wall Street—the lotions look like the biggest thing cosmetically since the royal-queen-bee-jelly fad depleted pockethooks in the mid-1950s.

The lotions will be high-profit items if the companies can sell enough of them to surmount their heavy advertising costs, which run to \$5,000,000 at Helene Curtis alone. "They cost peanuts to manufacture," says one securities analyst who knows. But Curtis charges \$5 plus tax for a mere one-fifth ounce—enough for 20 complete facials—and the other lotions will be similarly priced. Cosmetics companies expect that this new version of the skin game could be worth \$9,000,000 a year in sales.

Wrinkle preparations are as old as vanity, and over the centuries have been concocted from wax, incense, ale, bread, synthetic hormones, turtle oils and placenta extracts. The latest lotions are made from, of all things, cows' blood. Developed by the research laboratories of meat-packing Armour & Co., the process uses proteins drawn from the blood to temporarily smooth and fill in furrows, much like a glossy, translucent mudpack. The lotions are invisible on the face, because they react to light the same way that human skin does.

They do the smoothing job in about 15 minutes, and one application will cover up the crow's-feet for eight hours. A pat of water can reactivate it for an hour or two. But too much water sluices the lotion away—and many a woman will run the risk of getting all wrinkled in the course of a sudden spring shower.

## SAVINGS & LOAN

### Growing Pains

Booming along with the demand for home mortgages, the nations' savings and loan associations have grown phenomenally. In the past 25 years, their assets have risen nearly 20 times over, to \$107 billion. Today they hold more than one-fifth of the nation's personal savings, finance nearly half of its homes. But signs are cropping up that the long-green years are over. Last week, at the annual meeting of the American Savings and Loan Institute in Washington, S. & L. leaders weighed some disturbing statistics. Compared with last year, the net inflow of savings into federally insured S. & L.s dropped 53% in Jan-



BEFORE AFTER  
Cows' blood and high profits.

1964  
CONVENTION

# NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TOBACCO DISTRIBUTORS

APRIL 4-9

If you or any of your associates are attending, you are invited to visit the TIME Exhibit at the convention in Miami.

uary and 7% in February—while savings deposits rose in the competing commercial banks.\*

**Failure & Fright.** The S. & L.s have been badly tarnished by recent scandals. Top officials of three S. & L.s in California and three in Chicago have been indicted on charges ranging from embezzlement to making fraudulent loans. Six associations in Illinois have been liquidated, taken over by authorities or forced to merge; 22 in Maryland are in receivership, and federal officials say that about a dozen others around the nation are "in trouble." Though no depositors have lost money—thanks to federal deposit insurance—the sour publicity frightened away customers.

Many S. & L. executives seem poorly prepared to cope with their first experience of trying times. Few trained bankers are in the business; managers often do not know how their association's money is invested, and appraisers often do not understand the subtleties of evaluating mortgage risks. The S. & L.s fail to attract enough bright men partly because the associations have grown faster than their ability to develop sound executives, and partly because they pay notoriously poor salaries. At one of Los Angeles' biggest associations, only one executive—the president—earns more than \$15,000 a year.

The S. & L. managers operate in a business climate that has become vastly more complex and competitive in the past few years. They have been chasing savings accounts by offering inflated interest rates (up to 5% in California), which, in turn, have led the associations into some risky investments to cover the interest payments. This has resulted in a fairly high rate of S. & L. mortgage foreclosures in the West, Southwest and Florida. On top of that, Congress in 1962 cracked down on the liberal tax deductions that the S. & L.s enjoyed, so that many of them are paying federal income tax for the first time.

**Out of Adolescence.** Concerned about the troubled fringe of the S. & L. business, Chairman Joseph Patrick McMurray of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board—which is to the S. & L.s roughly what the Federal Reserve is to the commercial banks—this year raised the associations' reserve requirement and clamped restrictions on the interest-rate warfare. With these moves, McMurray, a former Government economist and assistant to the late Senator Robert Wagner, has cooled the race for depositors but has brought bitter complaints from many S. & L. leaders. Government officials, however, believe the new rules will let the S. & L.s grow at a safer if slower speed and help them to achieve the maturity that the prudent banks have already attained.

\* Which, unlike S. & L.s, can make loans for any purpose, service checking accounts, operate trust departments; S. & L.s are limited to investing in the mortgage market.

## PERSONALITIES

**A**S president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Jervis Langdon Jr., 59, is a realist as well as a third-generation railroader: he takes a train out on business trips but flies home to save time. To tempt other businessmen to ride the rails at least one way, Langdon's B. & O. last week announced a 31% cut in some first-class fares between Eastern cities and the Midwest. If the lure fails, the B. & O. will move to end its money-losing passenger service. This kind of pragmatism, coupled with assistance from the Chesapeake & Ohio that controls the B. & O., has helped to revive the nation's oldest railroad. Since Cornell-trained '30 Lawyer Langdon became chief in 1961, the B. & O. has chopped coal-haul rates and renovated tunnels to accommodate piggy-backs, has begun to eliminate unprofitable less-than-carload business. Last week Langdon also reported that his railroad, which lost \$31 million in 1961, bounced back to earn \$5,500,000 last year on revenues of \$372 million, and this year should double those earnings.



THOMAS MILLSOP

JERVIS LANGDON JR.



ARL WATSON—FORTUNE

**A**FTER quitting school in the eighth grade and bouncing around as a stunt pilot, semipro baseball player and riveter, Thomas Elliott Millsop landed a salesman's job at Weirton Steel in 1927. His first week there he astounded everyone by writing a \$1,000,000 order. This persuasive salesman is now the chairman of Weirton's parent, National Steel, and has built it into the nation's fourth largest steelmaker, with 1963 sales of \$846 million. Last week he announced that National will build the world's first mill containing all three of the industry's major new devices for producing more steel at lower cost: oxygen furnaces, continuous casting lines and vacuum degassers (for removing impurities). At 65, Tom Millsop drives himself like a youngster. Cigar-chomping, occasionally tobacco-chewing and always gregarious, he is Tom to most of his workers. Some years ago he moonlighted as mayor of Weirton, W. Va., defeating a former union organizer by a 5-to-1 margin. "That was a helluva job," he grins. "All things considered, I'd rather build an eight-inch cold-strip mill."



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# WORLD BUSINESS

## AVIATION

### Fares Down, Passengers Up

The transatlantic airlines are flying higher now than at any time since they introduced tourist-class fares in 1952. Next week fares over the North Atlantic will be cut 20% in both first class and economy—and for trips of 21 days or less, to as low as \$264 round trip New York to Shannon. The response to the reductions has startled even the airline executives. So many passengers have already booked trips that Pan American World Airways estimates that revenues of the transatlantic lines this year will rise \$500 million.

Compared with last year's reservations for flights from April 1 to July 1, Pan Am's bookings to Europe are up 30% and TWA's 58%. Even more spectacular is the surge in reservations for flights to the U.S.: Alitalia and BOAC both have increases of more than 100%, while Air France, SAS, KLM, Lufthansa and Swissair have gained 12% to 30%. Airline executives expect a record number of tourists to be attracted to the U.S. by the bargain fares, coinciding as they do with the opening of the New York World's Fair.

The airline uptrend is likely to level off during the ten-week "peak" summer season, when economy fares will temporarily climb back to almost what they are now. But the gamble on lower rates for most of the year has already paid off, and has major implications for the supersonic future. By assuring most airlines of setting new passenger records this year, it adds fuel to the argument of some airmen that the best way to get passengers up is to bring all fares down.

## ITALY

### A Fundamental Instrument

The rose is off the boom in Italy, where a dizzy round of high living, heavy imports and inflation has stalled the nation's fast postwar growth. The Milan stock market has dived, the lira has been trembling on world markets, and two weeks ago the U.S., the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank backed a \$1.2 billion emergency loan to shore up the Italian economy. Last week, after the Italian Senate approved a stabilizing program that restricts installment-buying and raises taxes on cars and gasoline, automaking Fiat and Innocenti threatened to fire thousands of workers. Olivetti also announced cutbacks and layoffs. But amid these signs of protest and trouble, business continued to be good for one giant, Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale, a state-run holding company that is the biggest enterprise in Italy.

**Public Interest.** If industry is to lift Italy out of its economic bog, the country will have to depend heavily on IRI

(pronounced eerie). But that is what IRI is there for. Founded by Mussolini in 1933 as a hospital for depression-sick companies, IRI provides jobs for nearly 300,000 Italians. Says IRI's genial President Giuseppe Petrilli: "IRI is the state's fundamental instrument for supporting sectors in temporary crisis."

By being such an instrument, IRI has managed to do well for itself—in terms of volume. Since 1950, its sales have risen fivefold, to \$2.5 billion last year. At the same time, high costs have held profits to less than 1% of sales. Whenever an Italian telephone or watches TV, he patronizes IRI. It also owns the seagoing Italian Line, the Alitalia airline, automaking Alfa Romeo, and three of the country's largest commercial banks.



IRI'S PETRILLI

A minimum of stuffiness.

Its construction companies are building 1,600 miles of Italy's handsome *autostrade*, using cement from IRI plants. IRI's Italcristal subsidiary is Europe's biggest steelmaker. All this makes it much more diversified than its smaller if better known cousin, the ENI petroleum monopoly.

**Private Zeal.** In many respects, IRI behaves like a private enterprise. President Petrilli, 51, a gracious economics professor who directs the many-sided complex from a baroque building on Rome's Via Veneto, encourages the chiefs of its 130 companies to stand on their own with a minimum of bureaucratic stuffiness. IRI has sold to private investors up to 45% of the stock in some of its individual companies, has joined in ventures with U.S. Steel and Raytheon. Italy's leftists have damned IRI as a thinly disguised capitalist entity; on the other hand, conservatives have complained that it aggravated in-

flation by breaking industry's united front against the unions' wage demands last year. But almost all political factions support the company because it is so important to the economy. On the instep of the Italian boot, IRI is now completing a \$400 million steel plant for Italcristal that will employ 45,000 and help to fulfill a legal requirement that IRI devote 40% of its investments to industrializing Italy's south.

Because of its role in the economy, IRI should have no trouble raising the \$800 million it wants for 1964 expansion—though the rest of Italy's industry is likely to be strapped for capital. Premier Aldo Moro last week told the Senate that most revenue from the new taxes on gas and autos would be used to develop industry, which means that much of it will be given outright to IRI. In addition, IRI can count on a large chunk of the World Bank's \$350 million that was earmarked for industrial development in southern Italy.

## CANADA

### More Than Neighborly

Annexed that the U.S. owned more than half of its industry, Canada's government last June proposed a bill to chase investors back across the border. It would have raised, from 15% to 20%, the taxes on dividends that most Canadian subsidiaries send to their foreign parents. Last week the architect of the measure retreated from his, "Canadianization" policy. "We believe," said Finance Minister Walter Gordon, "that a greater sense of partnership between Canadians and investors abroad will be of benefit to both."

More than neighborliness was behind the government's withdrawal. Foreign investment in Canadian firms declined from a \$600 million peak in 1960 to \$130 million last year. Canada's economy has been surging, with the result that Canadians themselves have the wherewithal to buy a larger stake in their own industry. In addition, Gordon's plan to give tax reductions to foreign-owned companies that sell at least 25% of their stock to Canadians has met surprising success. Spurred by this incentive, subsidiaries as diverse as those of Du Pont and *Reader's Digest* have put shares on the block.

Perhaps the most compelling reason for Gordon's retreat was an implicit U.S. threat to retaliate. Had the 20% tax taken effect, the U.S. was prepared to raise its tax on the repatriated dividends of Canadian-owned subsidiaries operating in the U.S. to a prohibitive 30%. That would have crimped many far-reaching Canadian companies—including Moore Corp. (business forms), Clairtone Sound Corp. (hi-fi equipment), Hiram Walker and Seagrams—and might have forced some of them to move their headquarters to the U.S.





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**American Girl Service**



Madurodam is a miniature city built at a scale of 1 to 25. Windmills turn, trains and autos move, bells toll. At night 44,000 tiny lights twinkle. Children, like little Margreetje Kooyman (above), are simply enthralled by it.

## "Come to Madurodam and see Holland in an hour"

*Madurodam, located in The Hague, gives you a Lilliputian's-eye view of Holland's architecture and scenery. Come see it. But stay and see the real-size Holland. The Flower Pageant is in May. The Queen's Procession in September. Cheese markets are open through October. And the Dutch people await you.*

NYR10

Madurodam is the smallest town in the world and it will give you a fascinating lesson in Dutch history. The perfect tiny buildings, the ships, the farms, represent Holland from the year 1000. Princess Beatrix is honorary mayor of this wonderland.

Madurodam is in The Hague. Just west of it is Scheveningen, Holland's most popular summer resort.

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The following pages  
in the March issue of Family Circle  
contain service features:

4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 22, 24, 36, 40, 43, 44, 45,  
46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56,  
57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67,  
68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 78, 80,  
82, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 97, 98, 100,  
102, 104, 110, 112, 113, 114, 116, 118, 120, 120A,  
120B, 121, 122, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129,  
130, 131, 132, 133.

(We had to leave some pages for advertisers.)

If it's in Family Circle, and it isn't a service feature, it's probably an ad. (Family Circle is the woman's service magazine that's strictly woman's service.) How do other woman's service magazines stack up on service? Next line, please. \*edit: content devoted to service: Family Circle, 86.2%; Ladies' Home Journal, 49.4%; Good Housekeeping, 57.4%; McCall's, 45.8% (Source: Lead Hall)

**Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.**

## CINEMA

### Positive Thinking Preserved

One Man's Way. "If the Lord ever calls me, I'm not going," pipes the twelve-year-old son of an Ohio minister. He hates being a preacher's son because the other kids poke fun at him. But the boy is Norman Vincent Peale, who grows up to become a churchman and bestselling author (*The Power of Positive Thinking*) so famous that he gets the honor of seeing his biography filmed during his lifetime.

Actor Don Murray, in a fervently tight-jawed and idealized impersonation, begins Dr. Peale's career as a crime reporter in Detroit. He sees the efficacy of prayer when he saves a child trapped on a precarious ledge by telling her, "God is up there with you. He won't let you fall." After that experience, the reporter enters theology school, but grows impatient with the academic routine. "I didn't come here to be a scholar," he says. Assigned to a large parish in Syracuse, where he calls himself "a man with something to sell," Peale clashes with board members about an advertising campaign ("Lost your gal? In a lurch? Don't panic, pal. Go to church."). Ere long, thanks to "God's most potent chemistry," he meets and marries a spirited co-ed named Ruth (Diana Hyland). He is then summoned to Marble Collegiate Church in Manhattan, where he wins a huge following and prepares his first book, inspired by the simple dictum that "together, you and God can do anything." In the controversy arising from *Positive Thinking*, Peale begins to doubt, but dramatically resolves his doubts when he is called to the bedside of another stricken child.

Tucked into a script already long on inspirational appeal are four of Dr. Peale's own sermons, but this verity is not matched by any attempt to add real insight as the facts of his life unfold in patently fictional form. As drama, *One Man's Way* will appeal to few; as inspiration, mainly to those who believe in positive thinking.

MARTHA HOLMES



ACTOR MURRAY



DR. PEALE

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## The young executive marked for top management

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Starting soon in FORTUNE—which has recently brought you Alfred P. Sloan's own story on General Motors and is now publishing the five-part report on Management and the Computer—will be a series of articles based on nation-wide discussions with today's young executives, those between 35 and 45 in the second or third echelon of management.

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He is the man who gives a great part of his life to a corporation—and receives in return certain satisfactions, rewards and opportunities. But what relative value does he apply to these? What would he consider a greener pasture and what would make him seek it? How, then, can a company keep him? In short, where are the strengths and the limits of the magnetic field between the impersonal corporation and its key personnel?

Top FORTUNE writer Walter Guzzardi Jr. has talked with enough young executives to fill a score of tomorrow's board rooms. He will describe the ones marked for management, then relate the man to the kind of work he does, the decisions he makes, the effect of good vs. bad decisions, the whole range of problems that spell opportunity for the alert individual and his corporation.

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"Schooling a young jumper" (Photo by Inge Morath / Magnum)



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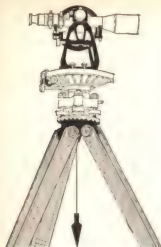
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### Growing Up in Gotham

The World of Henry Orient is a precociously smart comedy that proposes juvenile innocence as an effective curb on adult delinquency. Chief delinquent is Peter Sellers, who as Concert Pianist Henry Orient attempts to seduce an undecided young matron (Paula Prentiss). Circling his prey in a lush Manhattan lair, he glances into the street, and blanches at what he sees: two diminutive furies, one as apple-cheeked and winsome as Heidi, the other an indescribable creature with sheep-dog hairdo, daredevil eyes, and a tacky mink coat that grazes her ankles. What do they want? "It's exactly the sort of thing my husband would think of," gasps Paula. "Little girl detectives!"

But the little girls are not detectives. They are an enchanting pair of screen newcomers, Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth, aged 17 and 15, who ebulliently transform what might have been a routine Gotham sex farce into a king-size sleeper. Merrie demonstrates that the child of a broken home has every advantage, while Tippy makes light of being simultaneously unwanted, filthy rich, and psychoanalyzed: "Dr. Green-tree gets so mad if I don't dream."

The girls meet in an upper East Side "snob hatchery."

"You're new here," Tippy begins gaily. "You like it?"

"They say it's the finest girls' school in the country."

"I don't either."

After comparing orthodontic appliances, the two racket around Manhattan improvising absurd fantasies derived from *Little Women* and *Fu Manchu*. In Central Park they pretend to be "two beautiful white nurses" besieged by Chinese bandits. Merrie pokes a wad of bubble gum into Tippy's mouth. Poison. "When they try to ravish us, bite down," she orders. Then the nurses clamber up an escarpment and discover

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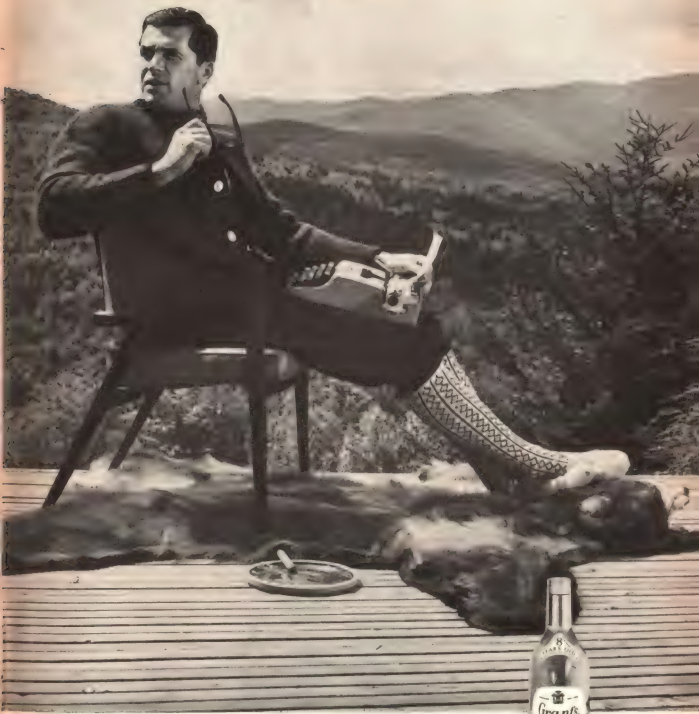
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er Sellers and Prentiss attempting a rendezvous on the rocks. From then on they bug Sellers, spoiling assignations and complicating the plot. They even scavenge his discarded cigarette butts and wrap them tenderly in a paper napkin. "No filter," notes Tippy. "He's not scared," observes Merrie.

A few dollops of sentiment and a formula ending flaw the otherwise engaging and perceptive script by Nora and Nunnally Johnson. Though drill performances are rung up by Prentiss, Sellers and Angela Lansbury (as Tippy's pampered, promiscuous mother), all are up against a force of nature as potent as Disneyland. Director George Roy Hill is obviously happy to let the camera ogle while his half-pint scene stealers do their stuff. And why not? It's grand larceny.

### Revived & Deprived

**Night Must Fall** is a muscular new version of the 1937 screen classic based on a drama by Emlyn Williams. The original movie was a deftly understated exercise in terror, starring Rosalind Russell, Dame May Whitty and Robert Montgomery. Now Albert Finney plays the psychopath who moves into an English country house with a hatbox containing a severed head, and Susan Hampshire and Mona Washbourne are the women he victimizes.

Finney's performance as a charming, arrogant, boyish, vain and remorseless killer almost justifies redoing the film. But Producer-Director Karel Reisz errs in trying to update the melodrama with an overdose of back-to-the-womb psychology. The motherless Finney washes away dark deeds by splashing in a pond or immersing himself right up to the nostrils in a nice warm tub. In one embarrassingly childish sequence, he regresses almost to the toddler stage. The camera pays more attention to Finney's tortured mental processes than to the all-important hatbox. The new *Night* trades a real case of creeps for mere case history.

COLLIER PICTURES



MONTGOMERY (1937)

WALTER DUNN



FINNEY (1964)

Out of the hatbox, into the tub

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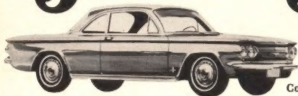
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